





MODERN REVEL  
IN SAN DIEGO.Day 4 Dedicated to Sea and  
Land Commerce.Society Folks Out to View the  
Industrial Parade.Floats of the Missions to Be  
Displayed Next.

BY JOHN S. MCGOARTY.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN DIEGO (Cal.) July 21.—(Ex-

clusive Dispatch.) San Diego let its

people hold on the parade today and rested

in modern things. But the traditions

of the bygone will be renewed to-

morrow, and with greater splendor

than ever in the magnificent pageant

of the missions which the city and

its thousands of visitors await ex-

pectantly.

Today's doings were dedicated to

commerce and present hour progress

and the industrial age. Society se-

lected the day and night for its espe-

cial fling. There is perhaps no city

in California boasting of a more bril-

liant and exclusive society set than

San Diego. In the old days of the

Spanish and Mexican eras it was

intensity that carried the palm in

this respect, although San Diego

then drew its social life from the

neighborhood of the missions. And it

may be said that the San Diego smart

of the present day is exceedingly

ambitious and will create a social cen-

ter here that will be looked upon as

a source of authority if the efforts of

the city and its thousands of visitors

are not sufficient to bring it about.

The day began with an industrial parade which elab-

orately proclaimed San Diego's ever

increasing power as an industrial and

commercial center.

THE CITY'S ADVANCE.

There were a half hundred floats

representing various manufacturing

and mercantile institutions, surprising

the stranger with the extent to which

the city has advanced along these

lines within the past few years.

I thought it a pity that more atten-

tion was not given to an exploitation

of the agricultural and horticultural

progress which is being made in the

"bank country" of San Diego county.

Few people realize the great variety

of groves and fine farms that are

reaching back into the hills and the

mountain valleys of this section. The

industrial parade also furnished an

opportunity for the San Diego city

to demonstrate its progress and

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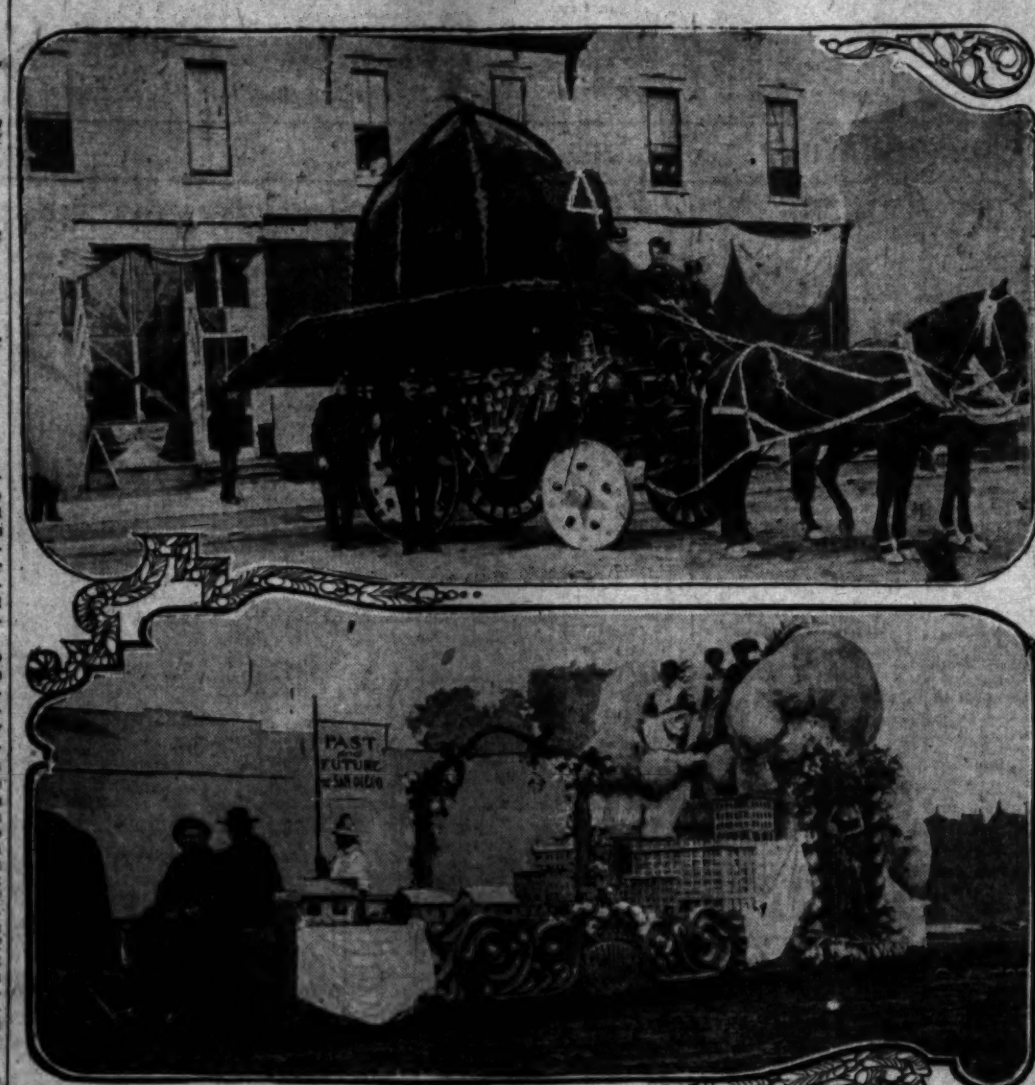
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## Modern Progress Supplants Historic Scenes in Pageant.



Gorgeous Floats in Yesterday's Parade in San Diego.

Typifying present day's success following the historical pageant of the previous day. The top picture is an immense fireman's cap of red geraniums, the display of the San Diego fire department; the bottom picture is the municipal float, showing the growth of San Diego from pueblo days of adobe houses to the present of modern skyscrapers.

Like to Insanity.

INVECTIVES BANNED BACK  
AND FORTH IN COURT CASEPersonal Dispute Between Lawyers for and Against  
Camorristas at Viterbo Leads to Tumult Which Judge  
and Police Cannot Quell—"Liar," "Beast," "Hypocrite," "Pig," "Defamer" Resound in Justice Hall.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

VITERBO (Italy) July 21.—The most violent scene of the Camorrist trial in the United States was played today by a personal dispute between

Capt. Fabroni and Lawyer Lloy. In the tumult all the other lawyers fled from the room, Enrico Alfano and Gennaro Abbatemaggio, the former

being thrown out, bodily, by the carabinieri. Giovanni Bertolotti fell in a fit and President Bianchi, helpless to maintain order, declared the session adjourned.

Throughout the hubbub, Fabroni stood, pale but impassive. As the courtroom was being cleared, he said: "The Camorra, in or out of court, is a greater hypocrite than yourself does not exist," replied Fabroni.

The exchange had again stirred the prisoners and opposing counsel, and the din that followed fairly shook the Court of Assizes.

Lloy jumped about, gesticulating and hurling epithets at the crown's advocates.

Meantime the prisoners in the great steel cage formed a sort of chorus, hissing and cursing their accuser and applauding their lawyer.

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HUSBAND'S LOVE  
HARD TO SHARE.Wife Tries Christian Charity  
Upon His Affinity.Proves Conclusively that Her  
Idea Will Not Work.San Franciscan's Woes Aired  
in Kansas City Court.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

KANSAS CITY, (Mo.) July 21.—

[Exclusive Dispatch.] For two weeks

Mrs. Charles L. Goddard, wife of a

San Francisco jeweler, and herself

a member of a prominent family in

that city, has lived at No. 1215 East

Thirteenth street, Kansas City, with

her husband and the latter's affinity,

Miss Anna Doyle, a Pacific Coast girl.

Mrs. Goddard came upon her elop-

ing husband in Denver three weeks

ago, by accident. At her husband's

pleading she consented that the trio

should come to Kansas City, where,

with Christian fortitude, she under-

took the task of reforming the affinity.

At the meeting with his wife God-

dard made a frank statement of the

situation. He said he was glad to be

reunited with his wife, and little son,

who was and is still with Mrs. God-

dard. But he pointed out that the

girl had brought from the West

must be considered; that she was sick

and if deserted would be apt to end her

life.

Today in the South Municipal Court

Mrs. Goddard admitted to Judge

James H. Richardson, that kind deeds

were not an affinity cure. When the

wife found that Miss Doyle was not

repelling the husband's attention, and

the domestic tangle was becoming

more snarled, than ever, she appealed

to the Board of Public Welfare, and

Goddard and Miss Doyle were arrested.

"I left my home with this girl,"

said Goddard, quite frankly, in Police

Court. "My wife knew I was going

away for a time. The truth is I did

a heroic and kind thing. The girl

was in trouble. I went that disgrace

might be averted. In such matters,

even when a home is involved, there

is always the other woman to con-

sider."

It was startling in Denver, when I

unexpectedly came across my hus-

band," said Mrs. Goddard. "I took

the girl into our rented home, out

of Christian charity, to reform her.

I know who her people are, and know

that she is not a bad woman. My hus-

band had confessed that he had sought

this girl in her innocence. As a Chris-

tian woman, trying to see light in the

terrible darkness I was in, I con-

fessed to go quietly and was seized

by the young woman, tossed off into the

world suddenly. I agreed that she was

to put her right in the world.

"She did not do her part, she did not

make it easy, she did not repel my

husband's attentions, when they were

renewed. I saw that conditions

were fast growing worse, and I ap-

pealed to the city legal bureau for

advice."

Miss Doyle has spent much of her

time in tears since her arrest. Judge

Richardson fined the husband \$200.

The affinity was discharged, prom-

ising to return to her home.

AUTO PLUNGES OVER BLUFF.

Prominent Northern Lumberman

Instantly Killed and Two Others

Killed in Accident in Washington.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

TACOMA (Wash.) July 21.—[Ex-

clusive Dispatch.] E. W. Natelson,

a prominent Everett lumberman, was

killed, and Sandy Thompson and Dan

Curry, both of Everett, were injured

this evening, when an automobile in

which they were riding went over a

bluff on the Mount Rainier road near

the Government National Park.

A party, including Col. Hathaway

## Theatres—Amusement—

OPHEUM THEATER—

BROADWAY, BETWEEN 6TH AND 7TH

THE STANDARD

OF VAUDEVILLE

RAYMOND &amp; CAVERTY.

"The Wizard of Oz."

"The Modern Hercules."

ALBERT HOLK.

English Boy Soprano.

BERGHOFF PLAYERS.

In "Room 40."

STYMPHON ORCHESTRA.

17 Solists.

Every Night—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c &amp; \$1.

L YCEUM THEATER—

(Formerly Orpheum)

10c 20c 30c

THE AUDITORIUM—

MATINEE TODAY, 2:15.

Marjorie Rambeau

"CALIFORNIA"

BRIXTON ST. BURGLAR

EVENING PRICES.

15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Coming July 31, NAT. GOODWIN, in repertoire.

EMPRESS THEATER—

BE SURE TO COME EARLY

IF YOU WANT TO SEE

AMERICA'S GREATEST HEBREW CHARACTER

Joe Weil

Together With 4 Other Galing Pies

Matinee Every 10, 20 &amp; 30c

Day at 2:30

EMPRESS THEATER—

DON'T MISS SEEING JOE WEIL

Popular Matinee Every Day

3 Shows Tomorrow

AND TOMORROW NIGHT, AT 8:15, 10:15 &amp; 11:15

VAUDEVILLE

M OROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER—

3rd Big Week

Tomorrow Afternoon

Special starring engagement with the best of

Margaret Illington

MATINEE TODAY

B ELASCO THEATER—

POSITIVELY LAST FOUR TIMES—LIVE &amp; REAL

Belasco company present "The White Slave"

MATINEE TODAY

NEX WEEK'S GREAT OFFERING—

(Augustus Thomas' most celebrated American play)

## Evenings on the

CARNIVAL QUEEN

Beautiful Orville

Heads of Motion

Then Notices

JOHN JOHNSON

Due to

Action.

He Says He

Saw It.

Most All Accusers

the Courts.

NAT LELLY LO

Capital Gossip

to Wild Ax

Possible Success

(BY DIRECT WIRE

San Francisco.)

Galloway, a city

engineer, and N. J.

Galloway, a city

engineer, and N. J.

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engineer, and N. J.

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Galloway, a city

engineer, and N. J.

Galloway



Amusements—Entertainment  
THEATERS  
STANDARD  
THEATRE  
SOME COOL HERE  
20c  
30c  
LIFORNIA  
ST. BURG  
WELCH  
URBANK THEATRE  
MISS SEEING JOE WELCH  
THE WHITE SISTERS  
ARIZONA  
FULLS  
HOUSE  
the Place and the  
FARM  
OSTRICH FARM  
Hatched Daily

### Wings on the Pacific Slope.

**CARNIVAL QUEEN WEDDED.**  
Beautiful Orville Girl Becomes the Bride of Motion Picture Man, and Then Takes Magnificent Trip.  
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
ORVILLE, July 21.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Miss Marjell Dunn, daughter of Chief Deputy Assessor and Mrs. R. H. Dunn, and Walter Parley, a motion picture operator, emigrated from this city yesterday and were married during the afternoon in Marysville. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Nichols in the presence of E. J. Rivers and N. O. Turner.  
News of the marriage was told in a telephone conversation about a mile away with her mother shortly after the ceremony had been performed, and came as a complete surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, who, it seems, had used every means to prevent the marriage.  
The bride and groom returned to this city late yesterday afternoon, and have taken an apartment. Late last night the groom was at his post in the theater.  
The bride is a striking brunette, aged 21 years, and was queen of the carnival at Marysville. She came here from Eureka.  
**NAT ELLERY LOSING HIS GRIP.**  
Capitol Gossip Says Governor Plans to Weld Ax Upon State Engineer.  
Possible Successors to the Times.  
SACRAMENTO, July 21.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] According to Capitol gossip, it is almost certain now that State Engineer Nat Ellery is to be deposed by the Governor. The choice of his successor has been John D. Galloway, a civil engineer of San Francisco, and N. C. Darlington and Engineer Nicholas, both of Los Angeles. Galloway is credited with having the inside track. Galloway, however, who is said to be one of the best engineers in the State, has no desire, as his friends, to accept a public office, especially where the remuneration is far less than he is receiving in private life.  
Darlington is said to be strongly urged for the place by Los Angeles people, as is Nicholas, and both are said to stand a chance if Galloway refuses to accept.  
While these rumors are going around, it is also intimated that Ellery may remain and that one of the other candidates is to be given a place as highways engineer to help build the roads under the \$18,000,000 road bond issue. This latter position carries a salary of \$10,000 a year, exactly twice as much as the State Engineer receives.  
**HELD UP BY CATAPILLARS.**  
Southern Pacific Train Stopped Three Times by the Pest and Engineer Says the Rails.  
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
MCCLOUD (Cal.) July 21.—Black caterpillars so thoroughly increased the track for a short Southern Pacific train that the engine came to a dead stop three times.  
The engine was drawing only one coach up the heavy grade between here and above. When about a mile north of McCloud the first hold-up was made by the caterpillars. The engineer was forced to turn on the sand to make the wheels grip the track. Immediately upon the sand being applied and the train moving forward, the caterpillars again came to the throttle kept sand running until he had passed the caterpillar belt.  
**Three Out of Four.**  
**MILITIA MANS' BIG GUNS; USES WIRELESS PHONE.**  
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
SAN FRANCISCO, July 21.—That untrained militiamen can handle twelve-inch coast defense guns with a high degree of efficiency was considered demonstrated today in the target practice at the Presidio by two companies of coast artillery of the California National Guard.  
The target practice was ordered by Gen. E. A. Forbes in connection with the military maneuvers being carried on by the militiamen and United States army troops, at the annual encampment of the National Guard. Twenty-five full service charges were fired from the twelve-inch guns, a range of seven miles. The percentage of hits was estimated as about three out of four, although the exact number of shells which found the marks will not be determined until tomorrow.  
The target rafts were towed by the

**Power On.**  
**MONEY STOPS; ALSO WALKER.**  
**Aviator Cuts Short Honey-moon Around World.**  
**Mamma Withholds Slice of a Big Fortune.**  
**Nor Does She Make Haste to Answer His Letters.**  
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
SAN FRANCISCO, July 21.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Clarence Walker, the young aviator, and his bride, the former Miss Carolina Biven, were forced to cut short a honeymoon tour around the globe when his mother, Mrs. Athes Walker, widow of the late David P. Walker, suddenly stopped his monthly allowance, notwithstanding that he is entitled to a slice of the \$1,500,000 Walker estate now in litigation. The reason for the abbreviated honeymoon became known yesterday when the couple visited San Mateo, the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Biven.  
Mother Walker, who holds the family purse strings, was opposed to the marriage on the ground of her son's youth, he being 23 years of age. The widow and her daughter, Mrs. Rosalind, of Seattle, did not attend the wedding. Realizing that her son would attempt a reconciliation at the first opportunity, Mrs. Walker has purposely kept out of his path. Several days ago the widow was in Palo Alto, but when she learned that her son and his bride were returning she hastily departed. She is now in Seattle.  
The young aviator's letters to his mother, in which he asked for forgiveness and incidentally the continuance of his monthly allowance, remain unanswered. Walker's aviation experiences have cost his mother an even \$15,000, and she declares there will be no more remittance from some.  
Young Walker has now under consideration a trip to Seattle to effect a reconciliation with his mother. His friends deem it advisable for him to stay this mission, as indications are that the journey at this time would prove fruitless.  
**SOCIALIST LOSES APPEAL.**  
LIBERAL A DEFECTIVE.  
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
OAKLAND, July 21.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The appeal of H. C. Pack, the socialist editor convicted of publishing a defamatory cartoon, in which Peterson was pictured as a murderer and accused of the responsibility of the death of a woman confined in the city prison. He was sentenced to serve ninety days in the city prison.  
The sport cost Uncle Sam \$17,500 for each full service charge from a big gun costs \$100.  
The plotting rooms and the range ending instruments were in charge of militiamen, who aimed the guns, and the range was fired unaided. This was done only a few days' instruction.  
The targets were each sixty feet long at the base, and twenty-five feet high.  
The National Guardsmen will break camp tomorrow.  
**DOCTORS' TRUST IN MISSOURI.**  
Medical Men of Town Called Louisiana Defy Attorney-Generals by Agreeing to Hold to Prices.  
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
LOUISIANA (Mo.) July 21.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The doctors of Louisiana, the metropolis of Pike county, are not afraid of the Wickersham bug-bear. They have formed a tight little trust of their own in defiance of the Attorney-General of the United States and of the State of Missouri, and Champ Clark, who resides in Pike county, too. And to rub it in, they published their schedule of rates and a copy of their pledge to adhere to them.  
The trust agreement is signed by the ten leading physicians of the city. There is no chance to escape the trust, if any Louisiana citizens get sick, except to send elsewhere for an anti-trust doctor. Trust prices will go into effect on August 1, according to the announcement, and are as follows: Visit in the city, \$2; contagious diseases, \$4; night visit in the city, \$2; out-of-city visit, \$2 and mileage of 75 cents a mile; 50 per cent. extra for night-call office prescriptions and counsel \$1 to \$2; consultation visiting city, \$10; counsel visiting country, \$10 and mileage at 75 cents per mile; confinement, \$15; instruments, \$25.  
Some indignant citizens are threatening to report the trust to Atty.-Gen. Major, who has long been a resident of Pike county.  
**A Booklet for Investors.**  
The Harris Trust and Savings Bank, Marguerite Bink, Chicago, has issued an entitled "Bonds for Safe Investment." It is a booklet for the use of persons planning to invest in bonds for the first time. Its aim is to explain in simple terms the purpose and uses of various classes of bonds and to indicate the value of bonds as safe investments for individuals as well as institutions. Copies free upon application.

**Special Sale Fishing Tackle**  
**ARTHUR LETTS**  
**Broadway Dept. Store**  
HOME 10571, BOW 4944, BROADWAY COR. 4TH L.A.  
**Order Your Groceries By Phone**  
**Store Closes at 1 O'Clock Today**  
—Charming \$2 to \$18 Parasols Half Price—This warm weather emphasizes the importance of this four-hour Saturday sale, 8 and 10-rib styles, some with fancy borders, half price. Aisle 3.  
—Fancy Ribbons 15c Yard—This price for Saturday morning only. New patterns. Widths from 4 to 5 inches. Checks, stripes and fancy Bulgarian or Dresden effects. Yard 15c. Aisle 1.  
—Children's 15c Parasols 10c—In fact, they're worth even more than 15c. Choice of pink, light blue and white. Saturday special 10c. Aisle 3.  
—Elbow Length Lisle Gloves 25c—Right "on the face of it" this item is important. Come only in black, white and tan. Saturday 25c pair. Aisle 3.  
—36-Inch Half Linen Crash Suiting 5c Yard—Why it's actually worth in any regular stock 25c yard. We have this in lavender, pink and plum. No phone orders. While 500 yards last, yard 5c. Third Floor.  
—25c Embroidered Swiss Waistings 15c—A saving of 10c on every yard. Beautiful quality; mercerized. Third Floor.  
—300 All-Wool Sweaters for Women \$1.48 Each. A direct purchase from the mill permits of this price. White, gray and red. Splendid for beach, mountain or outing wear. Second Floor.  
—Women's \$3.95 Wash Suits \$2.98—Think of a two-piece wash suit at this price, in tan and white. Made strictly tailored, collars and cuffs trimmed with blue or white striped material. Saturday special \$2.98. Second Floor.  
—Men's \$1 Cotton Pongee Shirts 85c—Of that soft mercerized material which is so cool and desirable for summer wear. Saturday special 85c. Men's Annex.  
—Men's Balbriggan and Mesh Underwear 25c—Both shirts and drawers, the latter with faced front and double seat.  
—Men's Boston Garters 12 1/2c—For Saturday morning only. Limit two pairs to a customer. Boston garters are regularly sold at 25c, although we have them marked 15c. Men's Annex.  
—Men's President Suspender 35c—Men's Annex.  
—Shirting Prints 34c—A Saturday four-hour special. Mill remnants of a grade that ordinarily sells at 7c. Light grounds, with neat color figures and stripes.  
—Children's 25c Silk Lisle Hose 12 1/2c—Seconds of a 25c grade. Strong double heel and toe. Marked special at 15c. Saturday price 12 1/2c. Aisle 4.  
—Women's Silk Lisle Hose 16c—Seconds of a higher-priced line. Black only. Aisle 4, 15c.  
—Cool Summer Dresses for Misses \$2.95—Exceptionally attractive at this price. Figure out the cost of the bustle and the pretty lace and embroidery trimmings and you will appreciate the economy. Second Floor.  
—Glass Goblets, 3 for 10c—Made to sell at 10c each. A 4-hour special.  
—Needle Etched Table Tumblers 7c Each, or 84c Dozen—Regularly sold at 10c each, or \$1.50 per dozen. Basement.

**Last of Twelfth Annual \$1 Shoe Sale**  
**If Soda Crackers Grew on Trees**  
Nature would cover them with shells, like nuts, protecting from moisture, mildew, dirt and insects.  
Just so are Uneeda Biscuit protected by the moisture-proof, dust-proof package. It keeps them oven-fresh and crisp, retaining all their flavor and goodness till used.  
Think it over and you will always buy the protected kind  
**Uneeda Biscuit**  
5c  
In the moisture-proof package  
**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

**If You Want RELIEF FROM HAY-FEVER And All Its Tortures**  
Write to Dr. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y., asking for Bulletin B-114, post free for 2c stamp.  
**ARE YOU RUN DOWN? Nothing like a fine well-aged PORT WINE to build you up. We carry the finest in**  
**EDWARD MANSBACH & CO.**  
Phone: FR 1111, Main 5115.  
**Generous Credit on FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC.**  
**LYON KINNEY & SONS**  
443-445 BROADWAY (CROSSING AT SEVENTH)  
**MASON & HAMLIN PIANOS**  
The WILEY B. ALLEN CO.  
416-418 South Broadway.  
**Los Angeles Investment Co.**  
601 ST. 535-537 N. Hill St. Main 7244.  
Will Build to Suit.  
Upon your own lot—or will furnish lot. RENT PAYING TERMS.  
**Our Aim Is Absolutely Perfect Service To All Gas Consumers**  
**Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation**  
**CROWN COMBINOLA**  
The Best Player Piano  
**SMITH MUSIC CO.**  
408 W. Seventh St.  
**New "Walkover" Bootshop**  
No. 3, 623 South Broadway.  
**J. F. HUGHES, Prop.**  
**Scott Eczema Salve**  
50c Large Jar  
Instantly relieves and cures all chronic skin diseases. Recommended by physicians. SUN DRUG CO. & STORES.











*Their Career Leads from Los Angeles Eastward.*

## DUNN'S CAREER IN SAN FRANCISCO

**SLAYS OWN BROTHER FOR CASH.**  
Missourian Confesses to Crime Committed Through Investigation of Wife who Wanted Insurance.

cago, won both the first and second rounds in the tournament today. B. W. Estabrook of Braeburn, went down in the first round and in the second round W. S. Walte, also of Braebun, was defeated.

**The New Belasco Theater, Which Is Soon to Be Built.**  
It will be on Broadway, between Seventh and Eighth streets, on the east side, and the cost is fixed at six hundred thousand dollars.

**In Deadly Peril.**

**HUSBAND SAVES**

**Not Ignite—Rooming-house Blaze Is Extinguished by Volunteers Before Department Arrives.**

room was thrown open by her husband. Pollock dragged his wife to a place of safety, and then rushing to the rear of the house grabbed a bucket of water. In the meantime other roomers, aroused, began flocking into the halls. A telephone alarm was sent in, but before the fire department arrived the roomers had broken into a bucket

THE amazing fertility of American genius will be illustrated in an article in The Time Magazine the coming Sunday, which will announce the issuance of the millionth patent at the Patent Office in Washington.

**SAY THEY'RE SOLID.**  
Such Is Report on Suffrage Voting

home of Mrs. W. H. Phillips, No. 602 Hays avenue, several papers were read by Mrs. Clyde Brown, Mrs. John Bradford and others who have been making a house to house canvass of High-

is rapidly becoming as much her own field as it is the domain in which men are constantly endeavoring to better the conditions of government."

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### AWNING IN FLAMES.

A burning awning over the office of MacLavin Wheeler & Co., in the H. W. Hellman building, caused a heavy fall of the fire department.

Ted McGrath and Joe Nelsky with the murder of J. A. Pressman, a saloonman who was killed more than a week ago at his place of business No. 318 East Ninth street, was taken

into custody at Riverz station at 3:30 o'clock Thursday morning, as he was attempting to leave the city, by Officers Phillips and Ketchum of the

the country from a threatened invasion of cholera, were encouraged by the fact that no cases of the disease have been found thus far among the

their deaths have been reported since that of Francesca Arcordia, which occurred yesterday afternoon. She was an Italian immigrant and a steerage passenger on the steamer Moltke.

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**RIOTING IN CARDIFF.**

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Efforts are being made to open negotiations between the shipping men and the strikers in the hope of reaching a settlement.

slowly, bringing Senators and Representatives. We came down much more slowly than some of the Senators and Representatives who came down here fifty years ago and then went back to Washington."

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 A long list to choose from: Mountain Cherries, tempting F. hill Canteloupes, ripe Malaga Grapes, Peaches, Sugarloaf Pineapples, hothouse Celery, young green Chilies, Bell Peppers, Asparagus, etc.

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40 H.P. Ford Door 4 and 6  
Cars & Roadsters, 1935-36  
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KISSEL AUTOMOBILE CO.  
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**For luxury of comfort**  
they exceed  
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**GIRL AVIATOR MEETS DEATH**  
Trying for Pilot's License in France Young American Falls and Is Killed.

PARIS, July 21.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Denise Moore, who is described as an American sportswoman, resident of Alstons, was killed this afternoon at the aviation school of Henry Farman at Mourmelon. She fell a distance of 120 feet. Miss Moore was trying for a pilot's license. She had made two successful flights and was on her third. She had been a pupil of Farman for three weeks.

**PLAYER SUSPENDED**  
CLEVELAND, O., July 21.—[By A. P. Day Wire to the Times.] Joe Birmingham of the Cleveland Americans today received notice from President Dan Johnson of his indefinite suspension. Birmingham had an argument with Empire Field yesterday, when called out on a ground ball which Birmingham thought foul.

**TO CHALLENGE MAIN**  
LONDON, July 21.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] The Hurlingham Polo Club today decided again to challenge the Meadowcroft Club of America for the international polo cup in 1912. Their financial difficulties have been bridged over by the Duke of Westminster.

**WIFE DESERTER ARRESTED**  
Edgar Lewis, under indictment by the San Francisco grand jury for wife desertion, was arrested yesterday by Deputy Sheriff Sempola and lodged in the County Jail. A deputy from the Bay City will arrive today to take him home.

**NO DAMAGE DONE**  
A fire alarm from Avenue Forty-one and Pasadena avenue took an engine and a hose cart to the scene yesterday afternoon. No damage was done. The alarm was turned in in violation of the instructions of the Fire Department that grass fires must be reported by telephone and not through the fire boxes.

**At San Gabriel.**

**TOURNAMENT WON**  
**MISS SHIRLEY BURNS.**

**BY ALMA WHITTAKER.**

been hard at work all the week coaching her for this derby. She and her handicap of thirty strokes and both she and Miss James finished just before the twentieth stroke. Miss James started out with admirable luck, twice driving out of bounds from the green, but after that things improved and it was remarked on all sides that Miss James was recovering her old-time good game. She was experimenting with a new club, a brassie, which was an innovation in her play, for she has never previously used one. Miss James now declares she loves a brassie and will never be without one again.

Mrs. F. I. Wood was a welcome stranger on the links. She had almost forsaken golf, but returned for the famous flag tournament. Wood plays the most consistent game imaginable, making the nine holes in a regular and unchangeable sixty-two. On this occasion she planted her flag on the fifteenth green. Her handicap was thirty.

Miss Marion Clark, who played with her, showed some fine driving, which appears to be her strong point. She finished just off the green and planted her flag. Miss Marion Clark takes part in the team match between the Los Angeles Country Club next Monday.

Miss Alice Tobey, the captain of the women's golf team, went out with Mrs. Kohler. She had a handicap of ten strokes, and was likewise experimenting with a new driver. There was a steady improving game all the time. She finished an approach away from the green.

Her partner, Mrs. Kohler, planted her flag within a foot of the seven-foot hole, making a good second. She was not far from winning the match, so was not far from winning the match. There was only the smallest possible dribble of water in the Arroyo, but Mrs. Kohler managed to get into it, and expected all the players to do so. She was a very successful negotiator, a water hazard.

As each pair finished they assembled at the seventeenth green to see the remainder come in, and a very merry party awaited the last comers. Wood and Miss Marion Clark. Then some of the energetic ones voted to finish out the eighteen holes, which they did. They were dispatched to collect the flag.

**Who Is It?**

**OWNERS DISPUTE**  
**TO LIPTON TROPHY.**

**BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.**

tomorrow. The Tribby, Lark, Alert, Aetolus and Gretchen are entries. In the ten-mile motor race, which was the class A event in 45 minutes, 10 seconds, Byron Naylor's Buick led the class A event in 45 minutes, 10 seconds.

J. O. Ort's Black Cat won the class B event in 50 minutes, 35 seconds.

A. M. Waites won the class C event in 45 minutes, 35 seconds.

**MARTELL BEATS NELSON**  
NEW YORK, July 21.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] With a right swing to the jaw, Frank Martell of Providence, R. I., defeated Ned Nelson of Australia in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round bout at the Twentieth Century Club tonight. The Australian champion was floored in the first round, but had weathered the storm so well that he had, like a Hamburger steak.

GEORGE W. BURTON has written for The Times Magazine the coming Sunday as the turning point in the wine industry of Italy.

**Los Angeles Daily Times.**

**Photograph of Birthplace of Printed Word "America."**



House in St. Die, France, where, on April 25, 1567, in the regime of Rene II, the Cosmographie Introdue, wherein the new continent received its name, was first printed and published. The town of St. Die has just completed a week of celebration in honor of the anniversary of the event.

**HERE WAS BORN NAME AMERICA**

**COMMEMORATIVE TABLET SET TO MARK PLACE.**

Little Village in France Honors Structure Which Claims Honor of Being the Spot When New World Continent First Received Its Official Designation in Type.

PARIS, July 21.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The little city of St. Die, in Southern France, has just finished a week of celebration of the naming of America in 1567. For a full week St. Die was in festival garb, and crowds flocked to the city from all directions. Many American tourists were present and took part in the commemorative exercises. Never before has St. Die entertained such crowds.

Mr. Robert Bacon, United States Ambassador to France, took part in the exercises. The programme included the placing of a commemorative tablet on the house where the name America was first given to the New World in a little pamphlet on the discoveries of Amerigo Vesputi.

On the tablet is an inscription, a translation of which is as follows: "Here was printed and published on April 25, 1567, in the reign of Rene II, the Cosmographie Introdue, wherein the new continent received the name of America by the members of the Voglian Gymnasium, Vautrin Lud, Nicolas Lud, Jean Basin, Mathias Ringmann and Martin Waldseemüller."

**ASKS GENTLER SEX TO HELP HIM OUT OF HIS DILEMMA.**

**Promoter of American Woman's League Tells of the "Joy of Battle" in an Article in Which He Criticizes Federal Officers in Camp on His Trail.**

ST. LOUIS, July 21.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] E. G. Lewis, publisher and promoter, whose projects involving many millions were placed in the hands of a receiver yesterday, in the current issue of the Woman's Nationalist, a little article of his, entitled, "devotes nearly four pages to his defense and to an attack on government officials and the attorneys for the complainant in the receivership suit."

In a lengthy editorial headed "The Joy of Battle," Lewis pleads with the members of the American Women's League to aid him in his fight. He declares anonymous letters have been sent to his wife in an effort to break up his home and threats and false statements of his home life have been made.

He tells of engaging Edwin C. Madden before the Congressional Investigation Committee and asks the women to send any amount they wish, even if it be "only a dollar." Madden in Washington to help conduct the "fight for justice."

"We seek every stockholder, every reader, every citizen who loves his country and a square deal to contribute to the fund so created for the expense of this fight for justice and render an account of all the contributions and their use."

Lewis recently returned from a tour of California, where he addressed the chapters of the league in that State. Mrs. Lewis said tonight that her husband had received offers from persons in Los Angeles giving inducements to Lewis to remove his publishing plants to the State.

Supplementary orders, placed on the records of the United States Circuit Court in University City, the suburb in which most of the Lewis concerns are located. It has been definitely decided that the property of the American Women's League, which has chapter houses scattered from Ohio to Colorado, "is not included in the court's order."

**CHILE BUYS CHEAPER SHIPS.**

SANTIAGO (Chile) July 21.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] The government has refused an American offer for the construction of two battleships of the dreadnought type, owing to the high price asked. It will accept the offer of John Brown and Company, Limited, of Glasgow, Scotland, who will require that they be equipped with the guns of Vickers and Maxim.

**FOR BARRETT RECEPTION.**

A large committee has been appointed by President Slauson of the Chamber of Commerce to assist at the public reception of Hon. John Barrett to be given at the chamber Monday evening.

**HOBO ARMY ON TO CAPITOL.**

J. Ends How Will Lead Unemployed in Endeavor to Voice Their Demands at Washington.

NEW YORK, July 21.—There is to be a national convention of the unemployed in Washington in September. J. Ends How, the "millionaire hobo," and his national committee of the unemployed are in session here this week laying plans for the big national meeting.

Among other things the committee has decided to make an appeal to President Taft for the use of the Senate chambers in Washington for the sessions of the convention.

The main business of the convention will be "to formulate demands to be made on Congress for immediate labor legislation."

Among these demands are "the shortening of the working day, a minimum wage scale, the establishment of national employment bureaus and free transportation for the workers." According to a circular these demands are made "in order that the lives of millions of unemployed may be sustained until the establishment of the industrial republic."

**United States Attorney Wise Says Allegations of a Trust Violating the Law Was Found to Be Without Basis—Case Inaugurated by an Anonymous Informant.**

NEW YORK, July 21.—The investigation into the affairs of the American Smelting and Refining Company to determine whether or not the so-called "smelter trust" is in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law has been dropped.

United States District Attorney Wise said today that he had investigated the complaints against the "smelter trust" and found them without foundation.

It is understood the matter came before the grand jury, which, after an investigation, practically dismissed the complaint. Dist. Atty. Wise said today:

"Some time ago a complaint came to me in an anonymous letter that the American Smelting and Refining Company was violating the Sherman anti-trust law. After investigating the evidence presented I concluded that the complaint was without foundation and suspended the investigation."

An officer of the smelting company said it was at the instance of the company that the investigation was made to ascertain whether the company was violating the Sherman anti-trust law or the interstate commerce law.

**THE INTERNAL RECURRENCE.**

Oklahoma Woman who Plans to Establish Currier Nation Commissioned Enforcement Officer.

SHAWNEE (Okla.) July 21.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Mrs. Addie Caldwell, well known in the first woman in the State to be given a commission as a Deputy State Enforcement officer. Mrs. Caldwell will receive no salary, but will contribute her services to the cause of prohibition.

Belief that the laws against vice of all kinds are not being rigidly enforced in Shawnee prompted Mrs. Caldwell to appeal to State enforcement officer, W. E. McLaughlin, for a commission. Mrs. Caldwell will adopt similar methods to those of the late Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Arming herself with an axe she will start a crusade at once against all "sinners."

**RISKS MUCH TO SEE MOTHER.**

Denver Boy Deserts Navy for Sake of Three Hours' Visit, Then Gives Himself Up Gladly.

BY A. P. DAY WIRE TO THE TIMES.

BUFFALO (N. Y.) July 21.—To spend three hours with his mother on her birthday after he had been separated from her for more than a year, George Fralick, a 19-year-old Denver boy, risked his life and committed an offense against the United States government by deserting from the navy.

After the few hours with his mother, he gave himself up to Federal officers and tomorrow will be taken up New York a prisoner.

"Though he must now face a court-martial, Fralick declares that the three hours with his mother was worth it."

"It was the first time that I was ever away from home, he told the police here. 'An attack of homesickness overcame me and I decided while the ship was on the Pacific Coast.' Fralick, I started from San Diego for Buffalo, riding freight trains and walking, and nearly died from starvation while crossing Death Valley, and again on Utah desert. They kept me for three days in a hospital in Grand Junction, Col."

**HIS FINE SUSPENDED.**

R. J. Parker, a Long Beach druggist, yesterday pleaded guilty before Justice Young to a violation of the statute that forbids men of his trade to work their clerks more than sixty hours a week. The complaint was J. F. Tobin of the State Labor Commission. Parker's fine of \$50 was suspended.

**HEALTH and pleasure and beach and moonlight can be obtained from the Times Free Information Bureau.**

**Times Directory**  
of Automobiles and Accessories

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**AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE CO.** 1246-S So. Flower.  
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**Alco**  
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W. J. BURT MOTOR CAR CO.  
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**Auburn**  
AND MOTOR TRUCKS. 150 cars of all standard makes to select from. Largest auto salesroom West of Chicago.  
AUTOMOBILE CLEARING HOUSE ASSN.  
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**Automobiles**  
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IN TIRES  
AUTO TIRE CO.  
6TH & OLIVE ST.  
\$515. IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.  
The Only One Cent Per Mile Automobile.  
1312 SOUTH GRAND AVE. Phone 2239; Broadway 3132.  
Agents wanted for outside towns.

**Chanslor & Lyon**  
HARTFORD TIRES MOTOR SUPPLIES AND TOPS. LOS ANGELES. SAN FRANCISCO. SEATTLE. PORTLAND.

**Croxtan**  
"BUILT with KRUPP STEELS."  
\$2250—ALL MODELS—\$3500—Guaranteed for LIFE.  
BRICKER MOTOR CAR COMPANY,  
1115 South Olive.

**Cameron**  
Guaranteed car. 14 Models—\$900—\$1700.  
All cars direct drive on all speeds. Two speed cars should contract for 1913 territory early, as it is going fast.  
H. M. FITZMAN, Western Agent.  
Broadway 411. Main 1511.

**Diamond Tires**  
All sizes and types to fit any make of car.  
The Diamond Rubber Co.  
1507-09 S. Main. Main 1501; P7004.

**Empire Tires**  
Wear Longer.  
Our Tire Preserver gives you great tire mileage.  
Our Peerless Tube beats them all.  
EMPIRE TIRE & RUBBER CO.  
1213 South Main St. Los Angeles, Cal.

**Excelsior**  
AUTO-CYCLES.  
"The one-man runabout" that always makes good. W. H. WHITTELL, Bicycles, Sundries and Expert Repair Work. 828 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

**Enger "40"**  
MESCO HORNS  
Brown-Symonds Co.  
1142-44 So. Olive St. Bdwy. 1344  
A2291

**Ford and Velie**  
KELLY TRUCKS.  
STANDARD MOTOR CAR CO.  
Twelfth and Olive Sts.  
Bdwy. 2708  
F4826

**Garage**  
Pacific Motor Car & Aviation Co.  
1217-1281 So. Flower St.  
Open Day and Night. Main 9536.

**Goodyear**  
RAINCOAT COMPANY.  
Headquarters for AUTO COATS, CAPS and GLOVES  
210 South Broadway.

**Halladay**  
HALLADAY MOTOR CAR CO.  
\$1150 to \$2580. Easy Sellers.  
AGENTS WANTED. 1122-6436 S. Olive St.

**Haver Six**  
4-Cylinder, 24 H.P., 11800 Cobs. Los Angeles.  
Eleventh and Figueroa.  
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**Little Giant**  
Commercial Truck, manufactured and guaranteed by the Chicago Tool Co. Vital parts "dust proof," enclosed in oil.  
H. L. MILLER, Distributor, Salesroom 649 South Grand. Phone Broadway 2587.

**Marmon**  
The Fastest Riding Car in the World. Champion Stock Car in Speed and Endurance Events Past Year.  
GILHOUSE BROS.  
1138 So. Olive Street. Phone F1044; Broadway 2188.

**Motor Car Supply Co.**  
For your convenience, full line of supplies. Open weekdays until 9 p. m. Open Saturdays 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.  
114 SOUTH SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES.

**New Parry**  
32 H.P. 11800. 118-inch Wheel Base.  
"Just What You Want"  
MOTOR CAR MFG. CO.  
812 So. Olive.  
"Guaranteed For Life of Car."

**Penn 30**  
Los Angeles—San Diego and Return. Non-stop endurance run under auspices of the Automobile Club of Southern California. STOCK CAR with sealed bonnet and axle makes 275 miles in 31 hours and 15 minutes on 14 1/2 gallons gasoline, 4 quarts of oil. WEST COAST MOTOR CAR CO., 1217-21 South Flower St., Tel. Home 65151, Main 8266.

**Perkins**  
IMPROVED GLASS FRONT.  
A. D. Perkins, Manufacturer of Auto Accessories, Corner Pico and Flower. F3843.

**Rambler**  
Offset Crankshaft, Straight Line Drive, Big Wheels and Tires, Spare Wheel. All matchless Rambler features.  
W. K. COWAN, Agt., 1140-42 South Flower Street.

**Reliance**  
RAPID AND RANDOLPH TRUCKS  
and 1000-lb. Delivery Wagons. Pioneer Commercial Auto Co. O. R. Fuller, Mgr. Main 1961 and F6888. 237 E. Market St.

**R S**  
Motorcycle, 4-H.P., \$295.  
THE SENSATION OF 1911.  
More Power, Speed, Less Trouble, Expense  
JOHN T. BILL & CO., 953-55 S. Main.

**Schacht**  
SIEGMUND MOTOR CAR CO.  
Main 2138. 1231-1233 S. Main St. F6974.

**Twitchell**  
Air Gauges—accurate, certain and sure, assist you in keeping your tires in perfect condition, because they register the air pressure in them correctly. Better carry one in your vest pocket. W. D. NEWERF RUBBER CO., 649-51 South Main Street. Phone—F4001; Main 6453.

**Warren-Detroit**  
Firestone-Columbus and Columbus Electric.  
CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE CO.  
950-952 S. Main St.

**WELSH AGREES TO MEET**  
**MATT WELLS IN AUGUST.**

**[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]**

SAN FRANCISCO, July 21.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] With three propositions for matches in front of him, Freddie Welsh bids fair to get a match either in San Francisco or Los Angeles in August.

Baron Long, desirous of arranging a good card for September if that is possible, has finally agreed to let Matt Wells, the British champion, in at 125 pounds at 2 o'clock if he will meet Welsh in a twenty-round go.

"That is the English lightweight limit," said Long tonight, "and if Wells is at all anxious to come West, here is the opportunity for him; that is the weight at which he defeated Freddie in England, so it will give them a chance to settle their differences."

Coffroth has been negotiating with Welsh. Coffroth wants to match Freddie with "One-Round Hogan" for the August date and there is a possibility that the match will go through.

The third proposition comes from Los Angeles. Tom McCarey thinks that the Los Angeles fans are entitled to see Welsh in action before the November match, and is proposing to stage Welsh and Willie Ritchie of San Francisco some time next month in a twenty-round match.



# Cities and Towns of Los Angeles County

NEWS REPORTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS OF THE TIMES.

## PARADISE GARDENERS NOT IN ACCORD.

Cannot Agree on the Plans to Form Incorporation.

Paradise Men Get All the School Contracts.

Police Arrest Young Man on Burglary Charge.

The Pasadena office of The Times is now at No. 2 South Fair Oaks Avenue. Advertising notices and other business today will be transacted at the new place.

PASADENA, July 22.—The movement to incorporate, which for the past few weeks has been the most absorbing topic of discussion among members of the Pasadena Gardeners' Association, failed of accomplishment at a meeting of the organization held last night at the rooms of the Board of Trade. After an argument lasting about two hours, ballots were cast and the project voted down. Many of the members took the position that the time has not yet come for action.

While the membership of the Gardeners' Association does not exceed 100, last night deliberations are of interest to the city generally. The object of the organization has before it, and upon which the incorporation issue hinges, is that of erecting what has been termed a "horticultural home" in the city.

Some of the members believed that enough money had accumulated in the treasury for the association to incorporate, looking toward actual plans for the home, while others were of the opinion that the time for such a move is not yet ripe.

"We have decided against incorporating," said W. N. Campbell, one of the members of the association, "this does not imply that the Gardeners' Association has relinquished its hope some day to build and equip a horticultural home in Pasadena. The time has not come for action yet. We have not enough money in the treasury to make such a beginning. But the members feel that some day this ambition will be realized."

Campbell said that no definite idea has been arrived at as to what such a home would be like, but that the kind of building which would probably best supply the needs of the association would be a structure similar to an automobile garage, with the exception of the roof, which would have to be of glass. Such a building would admit of the propagation of shrubs and flowers and would be an attractive place for visiting Southern California.

The plan of the association is not to establish a museum or institution, but, when the time of accomplishment arrives, merely strive to make it self-supporting and conduct for what advantage the Gardeners' Association and the city at large may derive from the exhibitions which could then be made.

Plans were also discussed last night for the flower show the association is to give here next fall. It is the intention of the members to hold at this time, the most complete exhibition of flowers and shrubbery suitable to Pasadena that has ever been held together.

LOCAL MEN LOWEST.

The proposed new school building to be erected on Washington street, near Lake avenue, will be entirely constructed by local contractors. The lowest bids were received from the Pasadena firm, with the lowest bid at \$120,000. The plans for the building were awarded to the Up-ton-French Construction Company, whose bid was \$120,000. The plans for the building were awarded to the Up-ton-French Construction Company, whose bid was \$120,000.

Contract was let for the plastering. As bids were not received, extension of ten days was authorized. The members expressed themselves as well pleased with the figures. Other bids received were: For the general construction—William C. Crowell, \$140,245; W. A. Taylor, \$123,235; Southwestern Construction Company, \$126,235; Dawson & Daniels, \$123,847; F. L. Somers, \$129,972; A. Brandt, \$129,900; Mathew Slavin, \$127,952; Crowell & Somers, \$124,475. Heating and ventilating—Warner Fox Jones, \$1019; E. O. Nay Company, \$12324. Plumbing—E. O. Nay Company, \$12351; Creller & Seaman, \$4290. Electrical—H. L. Miller, \$848; F. C. Stietor, \$1599. Painting—W. H. Vall, \$540; Ellis & Company, \$575.

DOGS DIE RAPIDLY.

The work of a dog-poisoner has aroused the indignation of residents of a neighborhood, the center of which is marked by the corner of Fair Oaks avenue and Fair street. The death of a Chihuahua pup caused its owner, Charles D. Collins of No. 441 North Fair Oaks avenue, to complain to the police and the Humane Society that canines are disappearing with such startling regularity that the part of the city will soon be minus a single dog unless the process of the mysterious poisoner is checked.

Collins declares that within the past two weeks 42 dogs have been poisoned that he knows of. In some cases these were valuable animals, and in every case were pet animals who were loved by their owners.

Despite the fact that some of the dog-owners have been doing detective work on their own responsibility, no clue has been discovered that leads to the identity of the person they seek. No motive can be found for the poisoning of the dogs. It is believed by those who have made investigations that some one is killing off the dogs simply from an innate hatred for them.

ARREST IS MADE.

Chief of Police Wood and Detective Schultz yesterday morning arrested

John Arnold Larabee, 22 years of age, who has been living with a young woman, as man and wife, at No. 45 West Third street. They believe that he is responsible for at least one of the recent burglaries in the city. A watch and bracelet stolen last Saturday night from the house where the arrest was made, and which were later pawned in Los Angeles, led to the picking up of the young man. When confronted with this evidence the prisoner confessed that he had pawned the articles. Questioned as to how they came into his possession, he said that he found them on the floor of his room.

Larabee says that he came to Pasadena from Montana.

PROBABLE VACANCY.

If P. M. Shutt is appointed to the City Council next Tuesday to succeed W. T. Dabell, who has resigned, it is probable that Mayor Thum will have to find another man to serve in his place.

The idea followed out by the Mayor is the appointment of this committee to have a body of citizens well posted and unbiased, to consider the questions quite apart from the political considerations.

The other members of the committee are: Rev. Robert Freeman, Leo House and A. G. Simons.

NEW CANDIDATE.

A new name has been added to the list of aspirants to the office of justice of the peace, made vacant by the death last week of Judge H. H. Klamroth. Friends of Frank C. Dunham, a Pasadena attorney, who is connected with the Los Angeles law firm of Valentine & Newby, are urging his appointment by the Los Angeles county Board of Supervisors.

In the other hand, George F. Carr has announced that he is out of the race. He has been considered one of the candidates for the office for several years. Besides Dunham, the office now aspires to the office are John A. Goodrich.

NEWS BRIEVES.

Philip S. Chancellor left Pasadena yesterday for La Salle, Ill., with the body of his wife, whose death here he mourned by many friends. He was accompanied by his infant son and the father and mother of the deceased, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Matthews.

In order that burglaries may be prevented, Chief of Police Wood is urging residents of Pasadena to notify him when they leave the city, so that additional protection may be given their residences by the Police Department during their absence.

A pretty wedding solemnized yesterday was that of Miss Edna E. Gustafson and George P. Sells at the home of the bride's parents, at No. 1352 Summit avenue. Rev. I. P. West officiated. Only relatives and intimate friends were present.

Many Pasadena friends of the artist, who died yesterday, when the body was taken to the funeral home, reached the city of the death of Charles Walter Stetson in Rome. He was a former resident of this city and his work since he left has been watched with interest by a host of Pasadena, who held him in high regard.

Failing to see any beginning on the extension of the Washington street car line, the residents of the northern part of the city are planning to send a committee of property owners to the Board of Supervisors to urge the extension of the Pacific Electric Railway Company.

Miss Alice Lacey entertained the members of the Senior Five Hundred Club at her pretty home, No. 23 Burton court, last Friday afternoon. The members were: Mrs. Jessie Young, Mrs. Merton Dolittle and Miss Falmly were the winners of prizes.

Louis Blankenhorn of No. 345 Markham street has returned home from a short trip abroad. He spent much of the time in Germany. Mr. Blankenhorn directed much of his time to an investigation of the possibilities of the sale of California fruit on the German market.

Less than \$100 is needed to complete the fund being raised by the Pasadena Humane Society for the purchase of an automobile.

B. J. Bradner has been appointed executor of the estate of the late John J. Bradner.

Justice of the Peace McDonald yesterday fined Roy Valle \$25 for striking Y. Muraki, a Japanese last Friday.

Dr. Up de Graff has returned from Europe. Officers Chamber of Commerce.

Worthwell sells paints.

Hotel Vista del Arroyo, Pasadena.

WILL DEDICATE NEW CHURCH.

Glendale Methodists Will Complete a Labor Which Has Been in Progress Three Years.

GLENDAL, July 21.—The dedicatory service of the West Glendale First Methodist Church, which has just been completed, will be held in the church next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The service will be in charge of Matt S. Hughes, D. D., LL. D., pastor of the First Methodist Church of Pasadena, assisted by E. D. Mathew, D. D., superintendent of the Pasadena district. The dedication of this edifice will serve as a fitting close of a struggle of many months duration of the members and pastor, Rev. A. E. Morrison, of the church.

The officers of the church are: Pastor, Rev. A. E. Morrison; trustees, C. F. Smith, president; M. S. Van Luven, secretary; J. E. Henderson, treasurer; J. W. Duhon, G. L. Link; stewards, L. W. Adams, G. L. Link; F. Smith, M. S. Van Luven, L. A. Wood, J. E. Henderson; Sunday-school superintendent, J. E. Henderson; assistant superintendent, M. S. Van Luven; cradle roll superintendent, Mrs. L. Henderson; Epworth League president, Arthur McAdams; Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. P. A. Penhollow, president; Woman's Home Missionary Society, Mrs. J. E. Henderson, president; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Mrs. E. M. Cook, president.

The new church cost \$6000.

NEW OFFICERS.

The Valley Vex Tract Improvement Association has elected the following officers to serve for one year: President, H. A. Leffron; vice-president, D. F. Booth; second vice-president, N. L. Snively; secretary, H. W. Hammond; treasurer, C. Sanders. The next meeting of the association will be held Friday evening of next week. There will be a programme and ice cream and cake will be served.

Find a tenant for that vacant house by reading Times "Liners."

Room at "Hotel del Coronado."

Cool—Comfortable—Coronado.

## Long Beach. BRILLIANT IN RESCUE WORK.

Life Guards Thrill Crowd at Long Beach.

Barefoot Burglar Is Putting in Full Time.

Guard Empties Gun but Fails to Score.

LONG BEACH, July 21.—Otis C. Long, 19, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Long, of Pasadena, was saved from a watery grave today by the prompt and efficient work of the bathhouse life crew, who raced 500 yards down the beach, snatched a rowing boat from the hands of the watermen, and rowed 800 feet through a heavy surf to the drowning man.

The rescue was a thrilling one. Castle had gone in bathing on the beach at a point between American and Elm avenues and getting out several hundred feet from shore, was caught in a tide rip, and was thrown from his life preserver. He was unable to make little headway to save himself.

In a rooming house on the beach saw his danger and telephoned the bathhouse four blocks away. The bathhouse immediately sent a life preserver and a rowing boat. The life preserver was thrown to the water and was changing suits when the alarm came. Calling to his partner Barton to bring a "doughnut" for the life preserver, the bathhouse dashed down the beach pulling on his suit as he ran, with Barton close behind. Teaching the waterman to grab the preserver and plunged into the surf, while Barton took the rowing boat and rowed to the rescue.

Two men who had made their way through the surf and went after his partner. He reached the shore and was taken to the hospital. The life preserver was found in a rooming house on the beach.

In another yard a cap was found, and the police are looking for the owner. The cap was found in a rooming house on the beach.

RESCUE WORK.

A barefoot burglar is the latest hero in Long Beach and following the night of his escape from the police, he has been making his rounds on many houses, but in all save one instance he was frightened away while on the job. The police are looking for the owner of the cap.

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## PRETTY TABLE DECORATIONS.

Shiny Marguerites and Other Flowers Enliven the Dining Hour.

ISLAND SHEEP PAMPERED PETS.

TALES OF STARVATION BORN OF SYMPATHETIC IMAGINATIONS.

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Sends Two Men Over to Make Thorough Investigation—Scenes About the Electrical Clipping Camp Full of Interest.

AVAILON, July 20.—Superintendent N. W. Zimmer and Officer William Fullerton of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have been traveling in the interior of Santa Catalina island for two days, looking into sensational charges which have been made against the owners of the island, of cruel treatment of sheep, principally through overstocking the range and thereby causing inevitable starvation of a portion.

The officers have worked very quietly, and slipped away to Los Angeles on the afternoon boat today. They witnessed the sheep shearing now in progress at Middle Ranch, the ranch headquarters of the Banning Company on the island, and carefully investigated the handling of the animals under the mechanical clippers. Charges of cruelty in this connection had been made, along with the charges of overstocking.

The complaints, who were visitors to the island and took it upon themselves to investigate its affairs, charged that there were at least 30,000 sheep on the island, where only 20,000 could find sustenance. The company has maintained that there are approximately only 20,000.

To investigate these charges first hand, the officers corresponded personally visited the interior of the island, talked with those in charge, witnessed the shearing at Middle Ranch, where the sheep are clipped at the rate of 400 or 500 a day by electrical clippers, and interviewed Superintendent Zimmer and Officer Fullerton on the ground.

The Times correspondent did not witness anything execrable either in the appearance of the sheep or in the manner of shearing them, and the consensus of expert opinion is that there are not 30,000 sheep on the island. The people who made such a horror out of the situation were evidently unused to western sheep-raising conditions.

"As far as we have seen, conditions on the Catalina range are as satisfactory as could be expected," said Superintendent Zimmer. "No blame attaches to the Santa Catalina Island Company for such few sheep as may possibly succumb to the peculiar conditions of the island. The range is not overstocked, and the shearing is satisfactorily conducted. Mr. Spittendorfer, in charge at Middle Ranch, we found conscientious and able."

"The people who have been exploring the island and returning with charges against the company evidently base their statements on the discovery of a few scattered carcasses. Some sheep die a natural death, you know, mostly of old age; and those enfeebled by years cannot always reach the feed provided in the dry months. All sheep do not become butchers' mutton, and in the dry season the old folks are found to succumb here and there."

"Conditions here are peculiar, and many look pretty rough to strangers," said Superintendent Zimmer. "But we see no reason for pressing the charges further."

"The systematic reduction of the number of wild goats on the island, which the company has been conducting for some time, has improved the range very much. Now that the scrub oak has a chance to grow to the ground, there is no need for sheep to starve any more."

It is understood that the company has caused to be hunted and killed 2000 goats since last fall. This has not injured the sport of hunting in any way, but has merely reduced the undesirable surplus.

Manager A. M. Jamison of the Banning interests, did not care to be quoted in the matter, but was content to refer inquiries to the officers of the society, whose investigations, he was sure, would have a satisfactory termination.

The scene in that beautiful oasis in the rugged island mountains, known as Middle Ranch, is most interesting at this season, and the fact that the sheep shearing is open to visitors, who can reach the spot by the Greeley stage line over a road commanding scenery which may be safely described as stupendous, dine at the ranch on viands, the majority of which are produced right there, and return to Avalon in time for the afternoon session of the fair, makes the company does not consider that it has anything to hide.

Ten or twelve sheep shearers are to be seen at work with electrical clippers, grabbing sheep from the bushes, throwing them like wrestlers over their opponents and deftly stripping the wool from their body and even tail. The sheep are not beautiful objects when they are taken out from under this operation, as a gift his last \$100. He arrived here yesterday on the steamer Hanalet and informed the court that he left the three weeks ago with \$1500, and a thirty desire to see the Pacific Coast. His desire to see the Coast has been met with an sheep ranch on the mainland. The year-round of the wild flocks of these sea-mountains necessitates as much daring horseback riding as a round-up in a mountainous cattle country, and these fellows are a peculiar sort of cowboy, only their cows are sheep.

As each sheep is an animal, he takes the clip to the checker, who gives him a brass tag good for ten cents for an old sheep and five cents for a young one. These are cashed in at pay time. Some of these men will shear as many as sixty sheep apiece a day; others can handle only thirty or so.

The wool, in great bales holding about 500 pounds each, is stored in a warehouse at Middle Ranch to await the eastern wool buyers.

C-O-R-O-N-A-D-O spells comfort.

PALMS.

PALMS, July 21.—Rev. G. N. Musgrave, of Monterey, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Palms Congregational Church, and will enter upon his work next Sunday. Rev. Musgrave succeeded Rev. F. E. Draper, who was compelled to resign because of ill health.

The Board of Supervisors has issued a proclamation for an election on August 10 to determine whether or not a highway lighting district shall be formed in Palms. The election officials named are S. C. Ferrine, I. C. Butler and G. H. Smith.

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## Los Angeles Times

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Daily, Sunday and 24-Page Illustrated Weekly  
Magazine. Founded Dec. 4, 1881. 10th Year.

**BUSINESS OFFICE AND EDITORIAL ROOMS,**  
631-633 South Spring Street.

Los Angeles (Loco Ahng-hayl-si).

Entered at the Postoffice as mail matter of Class II.

### A QUERY.

"Where is Beveridge?" asks an Indiana newspaper. The last time we saw the Hon. Albert J. was when he was going into his hole and pulling the pesky thing in after him.

### A LONG SLEEP.

A girl in Michigan slept for nine weeks, woke up long enough to ask her mother a question, and then fell asleep again. She probably wanted to know if Lorimer had resigned yet.

### VACATION FINANCE.

We do a great deal of talking of our vacation plans; but, after all, it is the pocketbook that determines where we shall go and how long we may stay. Fellow-sufferers in this vale of tears, isn't it the truth?

### A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT.

It is proposed to have Ambassador Wilson recalled from the City of Mexico because he did not rise when a Mexican band played "America." But, brethren, did you ever hear a Mexican band try to play "America"?

### PRAYERS FOR RAIN.

Numerous requests were made of the Governor of Oklahoma that he name a day by public proclamation on which all citizens might offer up prayers for rain, but he declined, saying that if they desired to pray for rain they could do so without the formality of a proclamation. Even the Governor of Oklahoma has flashes of sanity.

### THE CAUSE OF MENDACITY.

The Wall ought to secure Miss Abbott on its editorial staff. She would be a distinct addition to the cause of mendacity. With unflinching composure she continues to place her uncorroborated statement against the testimony of Ryan, of Ballinger, of Fisher and of President Taft. She should pose for her future in the circuits at two hundred per as the star tergiversantist of the twentieth century.

### WHAT WE EXPECT.

With the Panama Exposition in San Diego and the fair to be held in San Francisco, California expects to receive a great influx of people from the East, who will make the State their future home. They come West to be the business of loyal Californians to convince them that this commonwealth is a good place to live in, the best place in the world, we think—and we could prove it, too, if old Bill Jones were alive.

### THE INEVITABLE.

A small portion of a bullet found under the bed of one of the accused men may seal the fate of two prisoners in the City Jail, charged with the murder of a wine merchant. Back of crime may be malice, but the criminal is always lacking in judgment and in foresight. Some small detail he will always overlook and in the end this failure to take all of the relations to an event into consideration will lead to his undoing. The man guilty of a crime is unbalanced and perhaps the worst of his sins is his lack of common sense. Righteousness is soundness more than anything else.

### HIS ONE CHANCE.

Perhaps, now that Manuel, one-time King of Portugal, has failed in his attempts to trade the Portuguese territory in Africa for assistance that would re-enthronize him, his majesty will reconsider the rejected offer of American vaudeville managers. Rumor has long credited His Majesty with a hearty appreciation of dancing and dancers and, where persons are interested, it is easy to learn.

We are not altogether festing when we recommend successful vaudeville to a man who has failed in the King business. A good salary for light work is not to be despised by a King out of a job. We have often noticed and regretted the distorted values of some men. A millionaire loses his entire fortune except \$20,000 and straightaway blows out his brains. A laborer falls heir to \$20,000 and gives a great feast to his friends before departing for a trip around the world. Give anybody but a de-throned King a job on the Brimstone circuit and he will celebrate for a month.

### AS TO A GENERAL STRIKE.

At the session on Thursday at Butte, Mont., of the Western Federation of Miners a resolution was offered that a general strike in this country and Canada be ordered on the day that the trial of the McNamara opens in Los Angeles. One hundred and twenty-four members voted for this resolution and 172 voted against it. If twenty-four more members had voted for it and it had been carried into effect the remarkable spectacle would have been presented to the world of hundreds of thousands of workers discontinuing productive labor because two were on trial for the alleged offense of dynamiting The Times. Could criminal folly have gone further? If, as is generally supposed, there are more skilled and unskilled men outside than inside the unions, the full force of the disaster would have struck the union laborers.

A resolution was passed taxing all union laborers in the country 25 cents per month for a defense fund in aid of the McNamara. It need not be urged that not one dollar in twenty of the money raised could possibly be honestly used for legitimate purposes, such as paying counsel and defraying the expenses of honest witnesses. The raising of such a fund is an open declaration of a purpose to bribe witnesses and jurors.

### SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

Although peace pacts between great nations may reduce the activities of battalions and the size of standing armies, the days of the fighting men are by no means numbered. The soldier of fortune still seems to find an extensive field for his services. The great nations will avoid a clash that, under present conditions, might almost wreck humanity. The world, however, does not consist entirely—nor to any overwhelming extent—of the so-called "Powers." Countless small republics and principalities constitute nearly one-half of the people of the world. These, because possibly they have not yet arrived at years of discretion, or because the small fellow is naturally pugnacious, or because the interests at stake are not large enough to be alarming to the higher-ups, still indulge in the excitement of changed dynasties, overthrown governments and military dictatorships.

Then there are thousands of individuals born with a big bump of destruction; men of this caliber, like King Richard III, find no pleasure "in this weak piping time of peace." So they become modern soldiers of fortune and are ready to sell their swords to the highest bidder.

The perpetual unrest in that cauldron of sizzling politics known as the Central American republics offers great inducements to these modern adventurers. The recent trouble in Mexico evidently whetted the appetite of the fire-eaters, who prefer change and tobacco-sauce to home and tapoca pudding. Since Madero's exploit many who then became professional soldiers are offering their services to every insurgent leader desirous of overthrowing a republic or to reestablish a monarchy. And as long as any money power in London or New York or Berlin can see some advantage to itself in such change of government the soldier of fortune will not have to look far for a generous paymaster. If the Standard Oil Company had not wished to wrest some concessions from a British rival, Madero's chances of overthrowing President Diaz would have been materially decreased. The soldier of fortune still has an eye on the Mexican field, for, from present indications, the end is not yet.

But farther south the free-lance, the rover, "the man without a country" sees more immediate prospects of carrying for himself a living with his trusty blade. Ex-President Zelaya of Nicaragua, with plenty of cash stored in Belgian and German banks, is ready to hire mercenaries in an attempt to recover his lost dictatorship. The fact that the same soldiers of fortune who helped to drive Zelaya from this dictatorship are offering their services to restore him to power does not infer any treachery on the part of the mercenaries. Fighting is a business with them; unhampered by principles or patriotism. They are the same class of men who made and made emperors in the last days of the Roman Empire.

Ex-President Castro, the Venezuelan firebrand, is also attracting the attention of the irresponsibles. He, too, like a bird of ill-omen, is hovering around the shores of the Caribbean Sea. If there is any money in him the soldiers of fortune will be ready to extract it, though the world must foot a bigger bill. Then Manuel, ex-king of Portugal, is recruiting through financial agents an army of hired professional fighters, and many men who care nothing for monarchy, but are filled with the lust of glory and battle, are willing to enlist under his banner. Hayti may form another base of supply for the expatriated white man who hates peaceful employments.

As long as such conditions exist the dove of peace will have a hard task to keep the olive branch balanced in his beak. Let us be thankful that the great nations are governed by peace-loving statesmen, spurred on by the example of our own good President, to devote their abilities to the abolishing of war and all its concomitant horrors. It is not from the great powers, but from the turbulent small fry, that the danger of war-like complications will arise in the future. And it is well to remember that the soldiers of fortune are not confined to those who sell their swords to the highest bidder. Some of them—and by no means the least dangerous—are free-lance traders and speculators, working behind closed doors. Central America will always remain as a menace to the world's peace, until the whole region is centralized under one strong and responsible government.

### RESULTS OF GOOD ROADS.

In 1837 the charge of railroads for transporting freight was 7.13 cents per ton per mile; now freight is carried as low as 1 cent per ton per mile. Since 1837 the cost of wagon transportation has been gradually reduced, until today it averages 23 cents per ton per mile. Water transportation has been reduced so that it costs the farmer 1 1/2 cents per bushel more to haul his wheat ten miles to a railroad station than it does to carry the wheat 3100 miles from New York to Liverpool. The cost of hauling over the roads of France is 7 cents per ton per mile. In England and Germany the cost is 11 cents per ton per mile. In the United States it is 23 cents per ton per mile. If we could have as good roads as there are in England—and there is no reason why we cannot—the saving would exceed \$250,000,000 per annum. This sum, if economically and scientifically expended, would, in a few years, macadamize every dirt road in the country. A light taxation on the increased value such roads would impart to lands would meet the cost of their construction in a few years.

Mud roads have been a potential factor in driving people away from the farms and congesting population in villages and cities. In 1800 only 1 per cent of our population dwelt in the cities; in 1850 it was 12 per cent; in 1900 it was 40 per cent; in 1916 it was 46 per cent. The census returns show that in twenty-five counties selected at random possessing only 5 per cent of improved roads in 1904 the decrease in population averaged 31.2 for each county for the ten years between 1890 and 1900, while in twenty-five counties similarly selected which possessed an average of 40 per cent of improved roads there was an increase averaging 31,095 to the county.

In five States in which 24 per cent of the roads are improved 77 out of each 100 pupils enrolled attended the public schools, while in other five States in which the improved roads amount to only 15 per cent only 59 out of each 100 pupils enrolled regularly attended the public schools. This government donated 200,000,000 acres

## Getting Rather Tiresome.



of land to aid in the construction of railroads. It has 400,000,000 acres of desirable land left, which would be available if there were roads to it. We extend over \$30,000,000 per annum for river and harbor improvements, and the outlay is dictated by an enlightened regard for the public interest. The people who live away from waterways and not in close proximity to railroad stations pay their full pro rata, both directly and indirectly, to the support of the government. Are they not entitled to equal consideration?

Our road system is a copy of the parish system which prevailed in England more than 150 years ago. The burden of making roads and keeping them in repair was thrown entirely upon the communities through which the roads passed, and English roads then were as bad as our roads are now. More than 100 years ago England changed her road system and thereafter roads have been built and maintained by joint local and Parliamentary appropriations. Since the reign of the first Napoleon the national and local authorities have both contributed to the building and care of roads in France. In 1916 the United States paid to the railroads \$50,142,200 for carrying the mail, and it paid not 1 cent for the maintenance of 1,000,000 miles of the public roads used by its mail contractors and for rural free delivery purposes. The average route of a rural free delivery carrier is twenty-four miles. With improved roads the route could be extended to thirty-six miles and the government would save \$10,000,000 annually on this item alone.

Before the Civil War the United States expended \$14,000,000 to aid the construction of roads. Of late years it has appropriated no money for this purpose except for roads in Alaska, Porto Rico and the Philippines. That Congress has the power to appropriate money to build roads anywhere in the United States has never been disputed. An appropriation for such a purpose in Arizona, for instance, might tend to reconcile her grief-stricken statesmen to the loss of the recall.

**THE "INTERESTS."**  
The Times is in favor of the interests. Not in the sense in which that term is used by the morbid and muck-raking press, but the interests of all the people of the United States—capitalists and workers, those who direct and those who are directed; savers and spenders; bachelors and benedicts; infants and adults; women, men, children, Christians, Jews and infidels; the noblest and the most ignoble citizen from President Taft down, down to Tricky Toke.

The Times endorses the statement of Judge Barnes that: "If modern science or original research schools could invent some delicate instruments by which the moral worth, intelligence and patriotism of citizens could be weighed accurately, it would be found that, on the average, 1,000,000 of Republicans would considerably outweigh 1,000,000 Democrats, in mind, education, intelligence, morality and patriotism."

Yet the Times favors the interests—not the partisan political interests, but the honest and lawful interests—of Democrats. The Times believes that it is in the interest of every man to prefer his own country rather than another country, his own profit rather than another man's profit, his own wife rather than somebody else's wife.

The Times believes that the interest of all the people will be advanced by industrial freedom, by protection to American manufacturers, by equality of opportunity, by enforcement of law, by equal and exact justice to all, rich or poor, of whatever color, race, creed or condition of life, by individualism rather than socialism, by representative rather than mass-meeting government, and by Republicanism rather than Democracy.

Every little Democratic Presidential boomlet has troubles of its own.

## THE STATE PRESS.

**Claims to Be Summer Resort.**  
People of the great Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys should know that Berkeley has the best summer climate. Come here and enjoy our cool and invigorating climate.—Berkeley Gazette.

### But Tulare is the Real Thing.

A resident of Tulare county, who has interests in Wisconsin and who spends part of his time here and part of it in the Middle West, is in Tulare county now on a short business trip. While the weather locally for the past few days has been as disagreeable as any this summer, there being greater humidity than usual, this gentleman says that such weather as Tulare county is now enjoying would come as a blessing to the scorched and baked Middle West. He says that people who kick about Tulare county's climate do not know how well off they are. Most people, by the way, do not complain about our summer climate, and on the warmer days there are always many to say that just such weather suits them. There are some, of course, who do a little kicking, but really they are better off than they know. Tulare county, at least the fertile portion of the county, has never been much advertised as a summer resort, but it could be so advertised truthfully in many parts of the country today.—[Visalia Times.]

### Our Wrong Policy in Alaska.

The exorbitant prices we are now compelled to pay for coal would be known no more if these mines in Alaska were opened and operated under proper government supervision. We have to bring our coal from British Columbia, Japan and Australia, paying a high protective duty, and in addition the heavy cost of carriage and handling. And all this when immense deposits are at our very doors. It would seem that this dilatory policy of Congress in this matter is utterly indefensible. In what interest or at whose dictation is action delayed? Why should Congress not at once provide the necessary legislation and have these great mines opened for the public advantage? It would mean a saving of vast sums every month to the government itself and millions yearly to the people of the coast. The trade of Seattle alone fell off more than \$3,000,000 last year, and the citizens charge it directly to this cause. Every community on this Coast is suffering more or less from the same cause.—[San Jose Herald.]

### Speakeasies in Riverside.

As stated in Thursday's Enterprise, we have nothing to say against the drugist who complies with the city law, but we will keep on the fighting line and make it hot for all drunks, lawbreaking druggists and doctors who give out prescriptions to their guards, nor that they are overworked, but the complaint voiced to us is that they are turned loose after their terms are served without a cent and with a stigma that prevents them from getting work. They usually have worn out their clothes during their terms, have not a cent to get others and are set free in a pitiable condition. The suggestion is made that those who do satisfy their terms should be paid a small sum at the end of their terms so that they may provide themselves clothing and food until such time as they can get work.—[Alhambra Pomotrope.]

### The Chain Gang and Kind Neighbors.

The working of the county chain gang near this place has brought to the attention of our kind-hearted citizens the injustice to the unfortunate by the system. Of course there are men in the gang who deserve no sympathy, but the majority of them, we are informed, are old miners who have the unfortunate habit of getting drunk when they get out of the mountains and have to work out their fines. These are not vicious men, but are the victims of their environment, and their offenses should be punished in a humane manner. We do not mean that they are badly treated by the guards, nor that they are overworked, but the complaint voiced to us is that they are turned loose after their terms are served without a cent and with a stigma that prevents them from getting work. They usually have worn out their clothes during their terms, have not a cent to get others and are set free in a pitiable condition. The suggestion is made that those who do satisfy their terms should be paid a small sum at the end of their terms so that they may provide themselves clothing and food until such time as they can get work.—[Alhambra Pomotrope.]

### LITTLE, BUT OH MY!

"I heard she married beneath her." "Yes; her husband plays a wretched game of bridge."—[Washington Herald.]  
"And do the woods skirt your farm?" "Yes; rather narrow, though; sort of a hobbie skirt it."—[Browning's Magazine.]  
"Are you an optimist or a pessimist?" "Both, I hope for the best, but I don't bet on it as a sure thing."—[Washington Star.]  
"How much milk does your cow give?" "Eight quarts a day." "How much of it do you sell?" "Ten quarts, miss."—[Life.]  
"Here, what did you hit that man for?" "He called me a hypocrite, and I don't want no one to call me a hypocrite."—[Judge.]  
His Real Reason: Daniel entered the lion's den. "Not that I care for the circus myself," he explained, "it's just to take Johnny."—[Harper's Bazar.]  
"Are you anywhere near the head of your horse in school?" "Nope, not very near it, but I'll lick the kid that is at the head of it."—[Houston Post.]  
The man with the aching molar leaned back in the dental chair. "Anyway," he groaned, "I'm no quitter. I'll stay and see this thing out."—[Chicago News.]  
"You mean to say you lived in one house for three years and cultivated no pleasant acquaintances? But why?" "I was cultivating my voice."—[Toledo Blade.]  
"Do you think a memory for dates helps a man?" "Sometimes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "But not when he is selling spring chickens."—[Washington Star.]  
"Bertha," cautioned Mrs. Lappling, "you mustn't let greasy rags accumulate in a pile in hot weather. They take fire sometimes from a cutaneous combustion."—[Chicago Tribune.]

### WHICH, MR. LA FOLLETTE?

Robert D. Hoel, Washington Correspondent Leslie's, Particularly appropriate in the present tangled situation is a story that political Washington is enjoying. Senator Robert M. La Follette was finishing a lengthy speech to a Republican assemblage in Ohio, a few nights before the national election. He looked at his watch and remarked that it was nearly time to catch his train for Wisconsin—that he was going home to vote and must not be late. After he had told with much tenderness his eagerness to get home to cast his ballot, someone who had listened to him for two hours is said to have called out, "Which way are you going to vote, Senator—Democratic or Republican?"

### How to Live in Boston.

The Christian Register furnishes the following, among other rules, for those who desire to live in Boston with any comfort: Select the Puritans for your ancestors. Have a sheltered youth and be a graduate of Harvard. Be a conservative in politics and a liberal in the use of the word "antique." Wear glasses and be fond of tombstones. Carry your parcels in a green bag. Be a D.A.R., a Colonial Dame or a S.A.R. or belong to the Mayflower Society. Shudder at the West, but go to Europe frequently.

## Pen Pals.

To the last August  
"Carry over" the  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Some common sense

Some common sense  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### "Hill Look" Time

"Hill Look" Time  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### John R. Powers

John R. Powers  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Why should we

Why should we  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### The Marine Corps

The Marine Corps  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### The "Red" Army

The "Red" Army  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Robbers hold

Robbers hold  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### The Democrats

The Democrats  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Summers of two

Summers of two  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Among the editors

Among the editors  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Under the system

Under the system  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Advocates of the

Advocates of the  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Rumors are

Rumors are  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### The view of

The view of  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### It would be

It would be  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Nat. C. Goodwin

Nat. C. Goodwin  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### First wife was

First wife was  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
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### Most estimable

Most estimable  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Woodwin in

Woodwin in  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
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### Concern in

Concern in  
The strictest rule  
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### Engaged for

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### News

News  
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If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
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### Shirts 85c

Shirts 85c  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### 50c Neckwear

50c Neckwear  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Youths' Suits

Youths' Suits  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Boys' Knicker

Boys' Knicker  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
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### Boys' Wash S

Boys' Wash S  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Reduced

Reduced  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Victor

Victor  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
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### Records

Records  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
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### By Victor H

By Victor H  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
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### Andrews Tal

Andrews Tal  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
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### Cam

Cam  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.

### Goldsmith

Goldsmith  
The strictest rule  
If he doesn't want  
of London to go, but  
way.







[illegible]



**GLOBE A-1**  
Bread Baking Contest  
Closes July 27th  
Enter at Once!

Encourage bread-baking at home. The contest is held under the leadership of Mrs. Haffner at Barker Bros. We are now conducting a contest. The time is now getting short. Must be delivered at the cooking school, 724 South Broadway, at 10 o'clock Thursday, July 27th—come at once.

**Twelve Handsome Prizes**

- \$75 Vulcan Gas Range.
- \$25 Cash.
- \$15 Cash.
- 1 Year's Subscription to Times.
- 1 Case Assorted Spices, Fruit.
- 100 Pounds of Sugar.
- 1 Case Assorted Crackers.
- 1 Case Olives.
- 1 Bbl. Globe A-1 Flour.
- \$5.00.
- 15-Pound Ham.
- 10 Pounds Suetens.

**Rules for Contest**

- Flour must be used. Bake two loaves of 16 oz pull apart.
- Includes an empty "Globe A-1" Flour bag with bread. Place name and address on package.
- Loaves delivered at Barker Bros. at Broadway, not later than 1 o'clock, and are donated by you—same to be sold at Barker Bros.

**Will Be Donated to Los Angeles Federation of Parent-Teachers Association**

If a contestant, you must come to Cooking School, Sixth and Broadway, 724 South Broadway, at 10 o'clock and mail to

**GLOBE MILLS**  
Los Angeles

**MILLS—LOS ANGELES—DOW**

enter my name in Bread Baking Contest above prizes.

California Mills  
Broadway, Los Angeles

**SI A RIP**  
Trousers  
OOD'S

**SON.**  
Telling  
ON  
SEE THE  
MILLS

**NO SUITS**  
\$15  
Suit Co.

**Apple Tree**  
On Sale

Green, and in the evening by W. S. Allen. The latter is a layman and will talk upon "Conservation."

On Sunday night, Rev. Glen MacWilliams, Scotch evangelist, will speak at the City Rescue Mission, and there will be a special programme of music.

Dr. Arthur S. Phelps will occupy his pulpit in Central Baptist Church tomorrow. He will preach in the morning on the subject: "The World in Philadelphia," and in the evening will deliver an illustrated lecture on the "Mammoth Cave," which he visited on his way East, showing many new and interesting pictures.

The speaker of the Union Rescue Mission, on Sunday night, will be O. D. Conroy, who is well known in connection with mission activities.

"Angels of the Summertime," is the topic of Dr. C. M. Carter's Sunday evening sermon in the First Baptist Church, the last he will deliver before going on his vacation.

Rev. Frank W. Otto, D. D., will address the men's meeting at the Y.M.C.A. tomorrow afternoon at 7:20 on the subject, "The Man of the Hour." All men are invited to hear him.

Miss Nellie Sanborn, the "Deaconess Evangelist," will speak at the Methodist Mission, on Sunday night, "The Folly of the Day." She will be the Sunday morning topic of Dean McCormack, at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, on Sunday evening.

At the First Methodist Church, Rev. George A. Miller of San Jose, will preach tomorrow morning on "The Climax of Experience." In the evening his subject will be "The Three Rarest Fools." At both services, there will be music by the big chorus and quartets.

Rev. James V. Blake, of Evanston, Ill., will preach in the First Union Church, tomorrow morning, on "The Riddle," and in the evening on "The Riddle," respectively, of Rev. A. B. Riddle, at the Central Presbyterian Church, tomorrow.

**CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR**  
BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

**LESSONS FROM LOWLY TEACHERS.**

Terms Comments Upon the Christian Endeavor Topic for July 23: "Lessons From the Animals." Ps. 104: 10-15.

Modern teachers are equipped with a multitude of books and they send their students to the libraries. But the Great Teacher, who has stimulated more thought and study than any other, was content to find most of his lessons in the everyday life about him. He found out of common things the most profound and significant truths. He found philosophy in the simple and shallow the nature study in which so much delight and instruction is to be found.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous.

God hath written in the heavens above.

But no less in the flowers beneath thy feet.

Runs the record of His love.

God gave man this world to enjoy. He made it share His own pleasure in it. In it with His children. So He made it exhaustless in its beauty and variety and interest. Whoever does not find delight in the fields and flowers and birds and animals and skies, has missed one of the first and best delights of existence. That is an inverted and unnatural mode of life which seeks recreation in pictures and books and pictures and pictures and pictures. It is a life which ignores the simple joys which God has provided in His great out-of-doors. There are persons who will spend five dollars and stay half the night in order to hear an opera, who will not get up an hour or two earlier in the morning to spend 16 cents car fare, in order to hear the baritone of nature's feathered chorus and the glory of the dawn of a new day. Such persons, though, would not be such by any jury. Our times are emphasizing the beauty and happiness of life out of doors, where God seems nearer and more beautiful than anywhere else.

I often think, when working over my plants, of what Linnaeus once said of the unfolding of a blossom: "I saw God in His glory passing near me, and bowed my head in worship."

—John Fluke.

"Nature's lessons are all simple but profound. The greatest truths are the clearest. If we dwell more on the essential principles of life, applying them every point to character and conduct, we should have less need for speculation concerning truth's minor ramifications."

The Bible, revealed in the progress of evolution, is the ever-present God without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and whose voice is heard in each whisper of conscience, even while His splendor dwells in the white ray from yonder star that began its earthward flight while Adam's shepherds watched their flocks.

—[From "Through Nature to God."]

"Sure He made us with such a large intent. Looking before and after. Gave us not these Godlike qualities To rust in us unused."

Marvelling at the wonders of nature one's thought is carried back for the moment to that morning of the world when God looked upon His work and saw that it was good. That MacWilliams, at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, in the evening, is a beautiful illustration of the truth that the world is a beautiful thing, and that the world is a beautiful thing, and that the world is a beautiful thing.

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# Important Services Tomorrow

**BAPTIST.**  
**TEMPLE BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
"Auditorium Beautiful," Fifth and Olive Sts.  
DR. BROGHER, Pastor.  
"NICKNAMES."  
Mrs. E. DeLos Angeles, of San Francisco, soloist.  
"BROKEN MARRIAGE VOWS."  
Prof. B. P. Morning prayer, will lead the song service and sing solos.  
GREAT ORGAN. CHIMES. NOTED SOLOISTS.  
Everybody welcome.

**FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
South Flower, between 7th and 8th Sts.  
DR. C. M. CARTER, Pastor. 11 a. m. "In Perfect Peace." 7:45 p. m. SPECIAL MUSICAL SERVICE by choir, assisted by the Male Quartet. Special address by Dr. Carter. Theme, "Angels of the Summertime."

**CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
Second and St. Louis Sts.  
REV. LEON TUCKER, Pastor. Morning service: "The Potentially and Crucially of the Cross." Evening service: "The Continuation of the Studies of David." All are welcome.

**ORCHARD AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
Corner Orchard Avenue and West 29th Street.  
REV. HENRY C. HURLEY, Pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. B.Y.P.U. at 6:45 p. m. All are cordially invited.

**CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
Alvarado and Pico.  
DR. ARTHUR S. PHELPS, Minister.  
Sermon topic, morning: "THE WORLD IN PHILADELPHIA." Evening: "GOD'S INDOORS (MAMMOTH CAVE)." Stereotypes.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL.**  
**BOYLE HEIGHTS METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**  
Pennsylvania Avenue and St. Louis.  
Morning sermon: "The Great Riddle." Evening sermon: "The Great Riddle." Church choir. Take East First, Euclid Ave., or Brooklyn car to St. Louis St.

**NEWMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**  
742 Ruth Avenue.  
FRED H. ROSE, Pastor. Morning service by Rev. J. A. Crouch. "The Yuma Indians." Evening service by Rev. C. J. Miller. Rev. Rose will not be present.

**TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.**  
Ninth and Grand Ave.  
ROBERT PAINE HOWELL, Pastor. 11 a. m. "The Smothered King." 7:45 p. m. "The Heart Righteousness." Sermon by the pastor.

**HAMILTON METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**  
Corner Naomi and East 18th Sts.  
REV. W. A. KNIGHTEN, Pastor. 11 a. m. "Supernatural Help." 4 p. m. "What should we do about Woman Suffrage?"

**UNIVERSITY METHODIST CHURCH.**  
THE LARGEST FAMILY CHURCH IN THE CITY.  
West Jefferson and McClintock.  
JAMES ALLEN GRIMSHAW, Pastor. Important services both morning and evening.

**CHRISTIAN.**  
**THE WILSHIRE BOULEVARD CHRISTIAN CHURCH.**  
Corner Wilshire Boulevard and Normandie Ave.  
WILLIAM CLAYTON BOWER, A. M., Minister. Bible school at 9:30 a. m. Morning worship at 11 a. m. Sermon, "The Increase of the Christ." Evening worship at 8:00 p. m. Sermon, "The Social Teaching of Jesus." All are invited.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**  
**IMMANUEL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**  
Figueras, at Tenth Street.  
REV. HUGH K. WALKER, D. D., Pastor.  
Morning worship, 11 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor. Subject: "REALIZATION." Evening worship, 7:30 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor. Subject: "REALIZATION." Bible school at 9:30 a. m. C. E. at 4, 6:15 p. m. A cordial welcome to all.

**VENICE.**  
**WOMAN DRUGGED ON BEACH SANDS.**  
CRIME COMMITTED JULY FOURTH IS NOW DIVULGED.

Seven Hundred Dollars Taken from Woman—Beach Postal Situation Continues to Be the Chief Theme for Sidewalk Discourse. Venice and Santa Monica Perched.

VENICE, July 21.—The arrival here today of W. R. Carman from Winslow, Ariz., goes far toward clearing the mystery which attached to the finding on the beach of an unconscious woman late on the night of July 4.

After being taken to the hospital the woman was revived and gave her name as Mrs. E. Wright, and not tell the particulars of the case. She had written to Winslow that she had been robbed, and Carman came as a friend of the family to make an investigation. He discovered that she had lost \$700, and it is his opinion that the woman had been drugged and robbed and thrown on the sand after losing consciousness.

With her son on the night of the loss, Mrs. Wright was at the bath house. The son went into the surf, and returning a few minutes later, was unable to find his mother. The next day he located her in the hospital. There is no clue at this late date to the identity of the robber.

The postal situation by the sea cleared not a little bit today with the visit to the strand of Postoffice Inspector Hall, whose journey was made for the purpose of again alighting upon the situation. Santa Monica has fifty salivators, and petitions for the metropolitan convenience are before the department asking free delivery for Venice as well as the Ocean Park office in Santa Monica. There is also a recommendation that the latter office be served from Santa Monica.

The recommendation of the inspector will be that the three offices be combined into one, and that the one-man office be located where the Ocean Park office now is, and that the Santa Monica and Venice offices be converted into sub-stations. Both Santa Monica and Venice balk at this. They claim each for itself, that each is a separate and distinct city; that both are entitled to post-offices, and that it would be unfair to them to get their mail through an office that does not bear the name of any municipality.

The commercial organizations of both cities endeavor to prevent the recommendation of the inspector from being carried out. The wires to Washington are already warm with protests.

The central and favored zone will simply sit still and await developments, meanwhile asking the Senate and Representative in Congress to "keep hands off." Postmaster Vester of Santa Monica and Postmaster Westfall and Abbot Kinney of Venice will not willingly see their places interfered with. They are saying it would be unheard of for cities of their class to be without postoffices bearing the city names. Postmaster Sillcock, whose letter store is in favor with the inspectors, is saying nothing, while busily saving wood.

**BURBANK.**  
BURBANK, July 21.—The funeral of D. H. Dunning, an old resident of this place, was held this afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Presbyterian church. Wednesday afternoon Mr. Dunning dropped dead in his yard heart trouble from which he had been a sufferer for years. Mr. Dunning was an old resident here and well-known throughout the community. The funeral services were under Masonic rites. Interment was at the Hollywood cemetery. A widow and three sons mourn his loss.

The citizens of Burbank will hold a booster's meeting tomorrow in the L.O.O.F. Hall to plan for a barbecue and other polifunctions when the car line is finished.

**PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.**  
**CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**  
Corner Twelfth and Flower Sts.  
REV. BAKER P. LEE, Rector.  
7:30 a. m.—Holy Communion.  
9:30 a. m.—Sunday-school.  
11:30 a. m.—Morning prayer and sermon by the Rector. Subject: "The True Test." University cars pass the door. Strangers cordially welcome.

**ST. PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL.**  
523 South Olive Street.  
RT. REV. J. E. JOHNSON, D. D., Bishop.  
VERY REV. WILLIAM MACCORMACK, D. D., Dean, will preach.  
7:30 a. m. Morning prayer. Topic: "THE FOLLY OF THE BIG STICK." 7:45 p. m. Topic: "THE BANeful CONSEQUENCES OF A DINNER PARTY."

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.**  
**FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, OF LOS ANGELES.**  
Ebbell Club, 1719 S. Figueroa.  
11:00 a. m. and 2:00 p. m. Sermon from the Christian Science Quarterly. Subject: "TRUTH." Sunday-school at 9:30. Wednesday evening meeting at 8 p. m.

**SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, OF LOS ANGELES.**  
West Adams near Hoover Street.  
11:00 a. m. and 2:00 p. m. Sermon from the Christian Science Quarterly. Subject: "TRUTH." Sunday-school at 9:30. Wednesday evening meeting at 8 p. m.

**THIRD CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, OF LOS ANGELES.**  
Simpson Auditorium, 734 S. Hope.  
11:00 a. m. and 2:00 p. m. Sermon from the Christian Science Quarterly. Subject: "TRUTH." Sunday-school at 9:30. Wednesday evening meeting at 8 p. m.

**UNITARIAN.**  
**FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH.**  
South Flower Street, between Ninth and Tenth.  
E. STANTON HODGINS, Minister.  
Rev. James V. Blake of the First Unitarian Church of Evanston, Ill., will speak at the morning service. Everybody welcome.

**UNIVERSALIST.**  
**FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.**  
1373 South Alvarado Street, Cor. Hoover.  
REV. C. H. WOODWARD, D. D., Pastor.  
Sunday services: Sunday-school 9:30 a. m. Sermon at 11 a. m. Topic: "Tomorrow." No evening services.

**CONGREGATIONAL.**  
**FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.**  
Hope Street, near Ninth.  
REV. WM. HORACE DAY, D. D., Pastor.  
11 a. m. Sermon by the pastor. "The Social Basis of Religion: Inspiration." 7:45 p. m. Sermon by the pastor. "Our Free Harbor." Illustrating "Special Privileges and the Commonwealth."

**FRUIT MEN HAVE FINE YEAR.**  
Growers in the Vicinity of Glendale Make Up for Short Prices by Big Crop.  
GLENDALE, July 21.—A most gratifying citrus fruit season is just closing at this place. For the past few months the workers of the packing houses have been busy and at times the fruit ripened so rapidly that the packers were compelled to work during the night and on Sundays. The orange crop this year was larger than last season. The fruit was somewhat smaller than in previous years, but, altogether, it was of good marketable size.

While the price received for oranges was not up to that of last year, on account of the heavy crop the growers will receive greater returns than they have for several years. Lemons were about as numerous this year as last, and the returns were about the same. This fruit was of good size and fine condition. The decay which was known in the oranges did not touch the lemons in this district. Some grape fruit passed through the local houses. One hundred tons of grape fruit has been shipped from the Edmond Peycke packing-house, half of these being oranges and half lemons. There are still several cars to go. All of the fruit came from this valley, excepting two cars which were from Altadena. This house averages six packers and eight additional floor-men. Sam Mosgrove is foreman and J. Andrews is outside manager. The Spar Packing Company has shipped eighty cars of lemons, and seventy cars of oranges this year.

Kenney, manager, says that there are still twenty cars of oranges and twenty-five cars of lemons to go. Four cars of grape fruit were also sent out from here.

From the Rosemeade packing-house in the Verdugo canyon, ninety-five cars of oranges, thirty-five of lemons and eight cars of grape fruit were shipped this season. Fifteen cars of oranges, eight cars of lemons and four cars of grape fruit are still to come. J. B. Young is manager of this house. It was gratifying to the house managers that the fruit came in so near marketable size, which necessitated very little "sizing." At this house an additional five cars of oranges, thirty-five of lemons and eight cars of grape fruit were shipped this season. Fifteen cars of oranges, eight cars of lemons and four cars of grape fruit are still to come. J. B. Young is manager of this house. It was gratifying to the house managers that the fruit came in so near marketable size, which necessitated very little "sizing." At this house an additional five cars of oranges, thirty-five of lemons and eight cars of grape fruit were shipped this season. 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via San Francisco  
LOADING FOR

Steamer Quana  
Steamer Nodda  
Steamer Columbia  
SAILING FOR  
Steamer Schenck  
Daily Cleveland  
SAILING FOR  
Large Tug, 11  
Steamship City of  
Steamship and 26  
Steam schooner  
Steam schooner  
Steam schooner  
The Ganahl Lamb

**SHARES AND  
BUYING SP  
LIVEN M  
RELATIVE ACT  
NEW YORK**

**High Prices  
and Before Some  
to East-Rail  
ing More-Ca  
Marked Stre**

**P. NIGHT WING  
PORT, July 4.-A  
narrowly  
universe slowly**

the week. As was  
movement was c

stock market, as well as the price of wheat, which was brought to a record high of 1.25 cents per bushel. The highest figure for the price for the coverage at the point of origin was 100 cents per bushel. However, today's market is not as bullish as it was a few days ago, today's market is not as bullish as it was a few days ago, today's market is not as bullish as it was a few days ago.

Agr. Chem... 30  
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## 9

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20 was in pennies. Carver was arrested one block from the store a few minutes after the job had been done and had seventy pennies and some five dollars in small change. Palmgren failed to identify Carver and would not prosecute, so Carver secured his liberty, his seventy pennies and other small change.

---

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Persons in search of rare bargains in second-hand motor cars will find it to their interest to carefully read the "For Sale," "Exchange" and "Wanted Automobiles" columns of *The Times "Liner" section.*

FRANK G. CARPENTIER's letter in *The Times Magazine* the coming Sunday will state many surprising facts about frauds in the auto.

---

# erty Niner!

(One?)

are who failed to be  
history of this great,  
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arth, with a delightful  
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*Illustrated Weekly Magazine.*

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

JULY 23, 1911.

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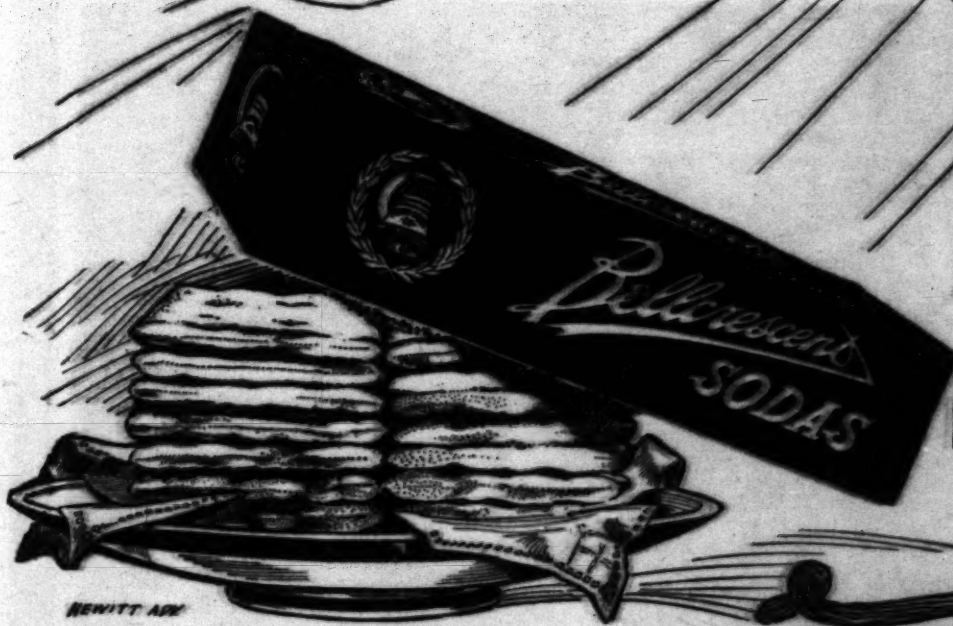


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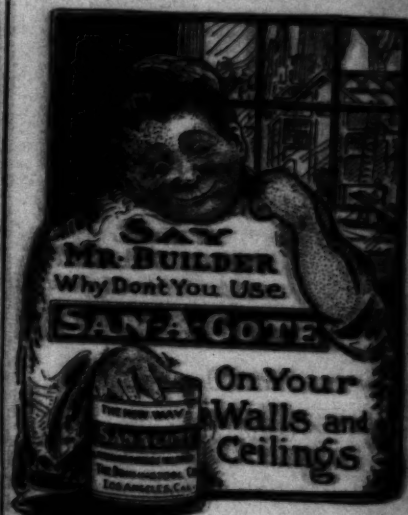
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Money

and

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## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

THE SOUTHWEST.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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of the land and of the  
the slopes, the valleys and the

of the country, the exploi-  
resources and to the  
and beauties. The  
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sketches, solid ar-  
editorials, brilli-  
pictures and bright

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# Times

July 2, 1911

No. 4.

## CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

Island. (Cover Pic-)	97
By Frank G. Carpenter.....	99
By George W. Burton.....	100
By Alfred C. Pickells.....	102
By M. T. Willis.....	104
National Geographic Maga-	105
By William L. Aldorfer.....	106
By Richard Spillane.....	108
By Will Fitzgerald.....	109
By M. Elliott.....	110
By Rene Bache.....	111
By Carlyle Beaton.....	112
By Bernard McConville.....	113
By Louise Berry.....	114
By Ernest Brautson.....	115
By Ernest Brautson.....	116
By Ernest Brautson.....	117
By Ernest Brautson.....	118
By Ernest Brautson.....	119
By Ernest Brautson.....	120
By Ernest Brautson.....	121
By Ernest Brautson.....	122
By Ernest Brautson.....	123
By Ernest Brautson.....	124

## HAPP- WHICH?

between the seas. The  
between the coasts of the  
up, and along the coasts or  
remains lift their peaks into  
day after day and shed their  
of. While blow soft or fierce,  
making a wholesome to all life.

the land, working as in a great  
following soils and eliminating  
various plants.

the same primeval elements,  
to every spot on the globe.  
somewhere in motion, and there  
the windup that falls here from  
spring up side by side out of  
within the rays of the same sun  
shadows. The same winds blow  
the rose giving back its per-  
for the benefits it has been  
gives a plant which makes the  
to feel that all animal life

the earth.

the earth.

the earth.

the earth.

same air the song bird and the bird of prey wing their  
ways. The serpent whose fangs are lethal abides in  
the grass where the wild kine feed. The crow and the  
domestic fowls feed on the same grain.

Vegetable life flourishes the world over and is all  
crowded with bloom. The homely, ungraceful bee flits  
from flower to flower, and it matters not what the  
blooms may be the insect extracts naught but honey  
from its petals. The gentle violet and the sharp thistle  
alike supply the bee with sweets. The flower whose  
odor is most disagreeable is used to supply the bee  
with honey as sweet as that extracted from the rose.  
Side by side with the rather uncouth bee speeds the  
slender, graceful wasp, feeding from the self-same flow-  
ers. He may light on the rose or on the poisonous  
shrubs. It will not change the nature of his functions.  
From one as from the other he will extract a foul and  
dangerous poison. Brilliant in coloring and artistic in  
construction, he menaces all who are deceived by out-  
ward appearances with pain and harm. The flower of  
the wheat, the orange blossom or the lily may be the  
source from which the wasp feeds. It is all the same  
as if the flowers of the most deadly plant were his por-  
tion. Woe to the one who attempts to share the repast  
of the wasp. There is death in every drop he extracts  
from any flower beneath the sun.

So does the world. It is the same to all creatures  
sentient and unfeeling. It is the common mother of  
all life. All the offspring of this mother feed from her  
exuberant breast and all partake of the same food. Yet  
the progeny of this mother subdivides into thousands of  
various races, so distinct in form, in functions, in use-  
fulness and harm, in friendliness and enmity one to  
another, that they might be taken as of no kinship, as  
of different planets, of other worlds. The bird and  
beast of prey are her children as well as those that  
make man's life blessed. Everywhere are the thistle  
and the rose, and from all flowers feed the bee and the  
wasp. Food and poison spring from the same sources,  
and these lie side by side at every point on the surface  
of the earth a blessing and a curse, the honey of the  
bee, the poison of the wasp.

From old philosophy has conceived of man as a  
microcosm, or the world in little. He is supposed to  
embody in his nature a sort of epitome of all creation.  
Modern physiology proves that man from conception to  
birth passes through transformations that correspond to  
all there is of variety in animal life from the microbe to  
the worm, from the worm to the vertebrate, and that  
these transformations correspond to fish and bird life as  
well as to those of the animal life of the land, making  
him kin to all the seas and air contain as well as to  
all the solid earth brings forth. So Mother Earth sums  
up in her human offspring all there is in all the lower  
orders of her family. Some forms of science conceive  
that in his progress upward man has actually passed  
through all these various transformations of life in the  
long ages during which nature has been so prolific in  
the bringing forth of offspring. Well the poet might ex-  
claim: "Wondrous Mother Age," and we may as fit-  
tingly say: "Wondrous Mother Earth" as we contem-  
plate what she does.

Whether these philosophies are founded on fact or  
not, surely man stands for all there is in life in the way  
he embodies in his various individuals all there is of  
variety in flower, in plant and in brute creation. For  
men are as various in their nature as are all the varie-  
ties of lower life. Man is the troublesome weed and  
the useful plant. He is the noxious creature that dis-  
tills the poison and the other creature from which all  
sweetness flows. Here he is as ferocious as a tiger,  
there as mild as the domestic cattle. He is as dan-  
gerous as a lion in the way here, there as helpful as a  
beast of burden. In one case he is as deceitful, as  
dangerous, as the serpent in the grass, with poison in  
every word as bitter as that in the fangs of the snake.  
One man is like the bee. No matter what he feeds on,  
what his surroundings, where he is found, what his oc-  
cupation, all that comes from his mouth or hand, his  
body or his mind, is sweetness and goodness. Another  
is by his side feeding from the same table, dwelling be-  
neath the same roof, going about in the same paths,  
breathing the same air, enjoying the same sunshine of  
the physical and moral world, yet his office is that of  
the wasp, his disposition is all waspish and all the re-  
sults of his life are poison to all who have to come into  
contact with him. The moral world is so like the physical.

It was years ago that two English-speaking parties  
stood in that colossal fane, St. Peter's at Rome. In one  
of the side chapels a solemn, religious ceremony was in  
progress. Both parties were composed of persons of the  
Protestant faith. To the members of one company  
the service was exceedingly impressive and wholly in-  
teresting although but half-understood. To all those  
in the other company every act and word was lacking in  
solemnity, in meaning, in beauty. All was an offense  
in the nostrils of those onlookers. Yet they would not  
depart. With a sneer on their lips and a look of dis-  
approval on their faces they stayed on to the end. This  
party consisted of a clergyman and his daughter. They  
were wasps sure to get poison out of any flower, no  
matter how much sweetness there might be in it. At  
the head of the other party was one of those unfortu-

nate beings afflicted from birth with a sad disposition  
to question everything, a doubter about all that was  
not "of the earth earthy" and not subject to be tested  
by his senses and measured by the yardstick of his rea-  
son. But he thought of the faith that prompted the  
service, of the confidence of those participating, of the  
beautiful solemnity of the office, and like the bee he  
drank in sweetness from it all. The chanting of the  
Canticles and the organ accompaniment could not be  
excelled. Why not emulate the bee and get enjoyment  
and edification? Why emulate the wasp and suck poi-  
son where sweetness might be had?

Years later in the splendid city of Sevilla met two  
parties of Americans. The dance of "The Sixes," a  
most unique ceremonial, was in progress at the mag-  
nificent, gorgeous cathedral. One party confessed that  
all its members had gone five several afternoons to  
witness this, and were promptly "called down" by the  
head of the other party for neglecting to bear witness  
to the faith by refusing to be present at such rites.  
Both tone and words were bitter in their earnest protest.  
It was the same old agnostic of St. Peter's, but  
he boldly asserted that the ceremony was full of im-  
pressiveness and beauty, and that for the moment he  
had forgotten to be skeptical and almost felt persuaded  
that he was a sure-enough Christian, and that he wholly  
wished he could be.

Perhaps he was vain of his tolerance, freedom from  
prejudice and cant. Perhaps spiritual or intellectual  
pride stirred his heart to rejoice that he had the nature  
of the bee and was able to get honey where it might  
be found. Perhaps he felt a little pity for the poor  
wasp to whom all food is poison and whose most impor-  
tant talent is in the end of his tail.

Well, is it not better to be a bee than a wasp? Is  
not honey better than poison?

## SERMONS IN SONG.

## THE DRAGON.

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

"Thou that art full of strife, a tumultuous  
city, a joyous city."—Ezekiel, xxii 2.

Men say 'tis smoke across the hills—  
The sullen, drifting haze  
They say comes from the restless mills  
That whirl throughout the days.  
Men say it is a city there,  
A city great in strength.  
It is no city—it is where  
A dragon spreads its length.

There are old legends, tales and rhymes  
Of mothers sore afraid,  
For dragons in the olden times  
As tribute claimed a maid.  
They say the dragon was a myth  
Of fear and fancy blent  
To fright the timid people with—  
But that is where she went.

From off the hilltop you may see  
The dragon stretching low,  
And mark how many folk there be  
That to its clutches go;  
And times you hear its rumbling voice  
When hunger grips its tongue,  
Or hear it murmur and rejoice  
When blindly come the young.

The young—the young will not believe  
The stories of the old.  
They hold them tales meant to deceive—  
These legends that are told,  
On winding road and beaten path  
From countryside and town,  
To avenge the waiting dragon's wrath  
The youths—they hurry down.

Men say 'tis smoke that lowers so  
Against the hollow skies;  
At night they see as lights aglow  
The dragon's thousand eyes.  
Men see a city there, between  
The sloping hillsides pent;  
The dragon they have never seen—  
But there is where she went.

[Copyright, 1911, by W. G. Chapman.]

## THE SWISS GUARD.

In answer to a question as to the reason for calling  
the Pope's bodyguard the "Swiss Guard," a correspon-  
dent says: In short, because they are natives of Swit-  
zerland. The guard came into being in the reign of Pope  
Julius II, who asked his friend Peter von Hertenstein,  
canon of Lucerne Cathedral, to send him 200 Swiss men  
at arms to protect his person. The Assembly at Zurich  
consented to the enlistment of the men, and in January,  
1506, the guard, commanded by a young nobleman, Cas-  
per von Sillen, entered the Eternal City.

In the 400 years of its existence the guard has made  
an honorable record. They fought well when fighting  
was necessary, but of late deadly weapons have been  
laid aside and the function of the body now is to act as  
a guard of honor to the Pope.—[Switzerland.]



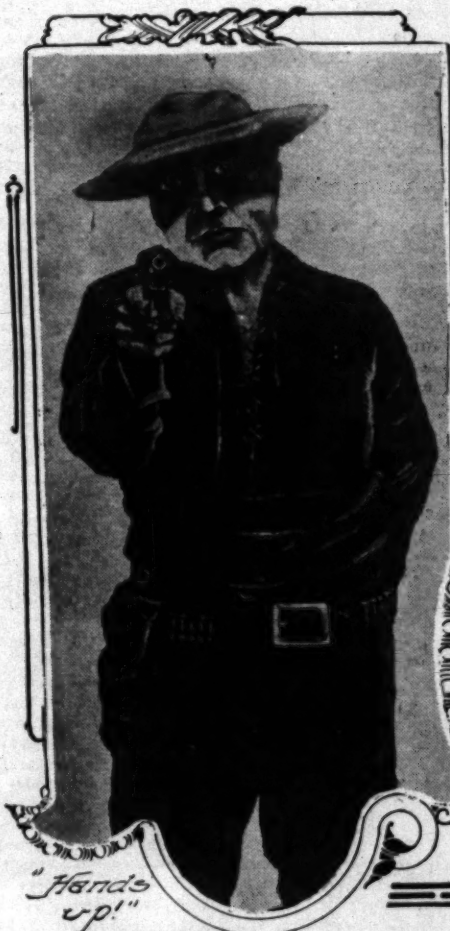
*Frauds in the Mails. By Frank G. Carpenter.*

## POSTOFFICE DETECTIVES.

**HOW THEY HAVE SAVED THE PEOPLE  
THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.**

*From Our Own Correspondent.*

**W**ASHINGTON (D. C.)—In one of the back rooms of the big postoffice building here in Washington sits a man who is unknown to its thousands of clerks. He lives at the capital, but he can go the length of Pennsylvania avenue without raising his hat in response to a bow. He has but few acquaintances,



"Hands  
up!"

### The Chief Inspector

The name of the chief inspector is Robert S. Sharp, and, singularly enough, he is the son of A. G. Sharp, who held this same office when Mr. Gresham was Postmaster-General, and who at that time put down the Louisiana lottery and wiped out all sorts of chance games through the malls. Mr. Sharp recently acted as one of the internal revenue commissioners, and it was his work among the monshiners of the Tennessee mountains that caused Postmaster-General Hitchcock to ask him to aid in putting down the mall swindlers. He took charge only about a year ago, but since that time he has already convicted and punished men who have defrauded the people of perhaps \$200,000,000. He has today a score of such millionaires under the barrow, and a half dozen or more have already been put behind the bars.

I should like to introduce you to the chief postoffice inspector, but that is impossible. He will not allow his face to be published, does not like to have his name mentioned and I doubt whether the apartment-house where he lives here in Washington knows that he is anything more than a mere government clerk. He does not like to talk, and it was only through a suggestion from the Postmaster-General that it might be well to let the people know what Uncle Sam is doing to protect his children from the wiles of the swindlers that he gave me an interview.

### Uncle Sam's Work.

"It is my business to keep in the background. This

to the door of the palace, and we take the handcuffed to jail. He has all of his life but if he does not make good he goes to jail just as surely as does the man who has been in this publicity that the man who has been in and also the fact that he has been in nothing.

"This is the only way to continue the chief inspector. The... again and again to get down... malle, but in the past every time a... and good banking connection was... command his politicians to leave the... on him, and the pressure was such he... not go on."

Professional Mail Swindlers

"But are there many men who are swindling the public?"

"There have been thousands of them," the inspector, "and there are hundreds of them in that way today. We are now exposed to some of the richest and most powerful that if we suppress these at the big we make the smaller rascals by and by. In a few men are frightened. We have issued orders and we get reports every day or so that their offices are closed, and that they receive their mail."

"You ask about this class of vehicles. We have life records of the chief."



Salvatore  
Arrigo,  
one of the  
"Black Hand"  
blackmailers.



John C. Mabray who made millions in fake  
prize fights. Now in the penitentiary.

and almost no intimates. Nevertheless, he is one of the most important men in the United States government; and to many who have guilty consciences he represents the ghost of the penitentiary, which haunts them day and night.

This man is the chief inspector of the Postoffice Department, a man who has not only to watch the four hundred-odd millions of dollars which go in and out of that office in the course of the year, but to keep track of the crimes of its 300,000 employees, and to see that every bit of its fourteen billion pieces of mail is honestly carried.

This in itself is a job; but when to the crimes on the inside are added all the crimes and swindles carried on through the mails, all burglaries of postoffices, all stealing of stamps and padding returns, you will see that the wires of his influence reach to every man, woman and child in the country, and that upon him the most of us depend for protection.



Eddie Flay who stole \$24000 in stamps

work is done for the government and the people, and I would like to have you say that it is Uncle Sam and the Postoffice Department who are convicting the rascals. This government is bigger than any one man, and we want to make these swindlers know that it is the government and not individuals who are after them. We want them to know that the government is bigger than any individual, and that no matter how rich or influential the rascal may be, he is on a level with the poorest of his kind in the eyes of this institution.

"These were the instructions which the Postmaster-General gave me when I took charge. He urged us to be sure that we were right, and to then go ahead without fear or favor. That is what we are doing. When we arrest a man we follow the same procedure, it makes no difference whether he is a millionaire or a pauper, whether he is at the head of the politics of a city or an individual voter. I have instructed my men to make no change in the arrest of a millionaire over that of a negro stealing a ham. The patrol wagon is backed up

trace them from one fraudulent scheme to another. Now it is a fake rubber scheme, a fake oil scheme and next, perhaps, a fake uranium scheme. Take Huston, who was once trusted by the United States, and whom we recently searched over his records we found trails of fraud and deception before he came into the government service. These were a proof of the general rule: 'Don't trust anyone again.'

"Take, for instance, the case of a man who has been in the penitentiary for twenty years. He has been touched, but we would the state finally gave himself up, saying he was a thousand penitentiary sentences and tear on his nerves while sitting

was useless to fight, that the south-  
erners had made their title clear, and

housekeeping," is the proposition the circular makes.

ly pretty! Values that seem almost incredible! There

Turbans, hoods and some medium-sized hats in black,







# "Wine that Makes Glad." By George W. Burton.

## ITALY'S PRODUCT.

IN QUANTITY IT IS SECOND IN THE WORLD.

By a Staff Writer.

THE wine output of the world is set down at 3,700,000,000 gallons a year. We were not a little surprised a few weeks ago to learn that Spain produces half a billion gallons a year, or one-seventh of the world supply. What shall we say, then, of Italy, a country but a little more than half as large as Spain and only about two-thirds as large as California, which produces over 1,000,000,000 gallons of wine a year, or nearly one-third of all the world output? Only France has a record for a larger amount of wine than Italy. When Spain, Italy and France are taken together there is not a large amount of wine left for all the other countries of the globe. There is this, too, to keep in mind. The Spanish wines are almost absolutely the fruit of the grape, and the Italian almost as purely so. Much of the French wine is grossly adulterated, a fact no sane person can longer deny in the face of the riots in France to stop the sale of spurious wines. But there is a great deal

ley in France. It is much milder than the Rhine wines of Germany.

Pacific Coast's Interest.

Now from the agricultural point of view in its relation to several businesses this subject is of great importance to the people of the Pacific Coast. If the grapevine flourishes in all parts of Spain with its various climatic conditions, in all France south of Paris and in some parts of that country north of the capital, and all over Italy, so it will in all the regions of the "Slope" from San Diego to Blaine and from San Francisco to Denver. California already has a grape industry that covers 275,000 acres, of which 150,000 acres go for wine. One California vineyard in a solid body covers 3500 acres. We used to put the wine output of the State down at 25,000,000. The last vintage is said to have yielded 45,000,000 gallons of all sorts of wines. They comprise Chianti types, Marsala, Sherry, Rhenish, and even champagne types. The investment in the vines is said to amount to \$100,000,000, and there are 60,000 persons interested directly in the industry, no doubt 100,000 all told. There is every reason in the world to expect this industry to grow in volume and to extend to all the Coast. Rogue River will produce Italian types of wine,

grapes in 1909 yielded 11,000 pounds per acre. In 1910 the yield was 12,000 pounds per acre. In wine for ten years a total average acreage used for vines at 100,000 acres yielded of wine per hectare at 117,000 gallons, or over 1,000,000 gallons per hectare, or 430 quarts, or 106 gallons. The figures all along were based on 1907, the yield in wine per acre was about 100 gallons greater than the average. The year 1908 was an average in all the figures except in the yield in wine per acre, which was less than average. In some districts the product in wine was as high as 120 gallons per acre. The present crop of grapes produced 5,200,000 gallons of wine.

### The Cost.

How much per gallon did it cost to produce? To determine this we must have recourse to the wages paid in farming districts as an index per on olive culture appearing last week. Boys and girls from 12 to 16 years old work 12 to 18 cents a day, women from 15 to 25 cents from 25 to 35 cents. They do all the work on the farms, particularly fruit farms. Instead of the average the highest wages for work is most plentiful and hardest. Then \$3.50 will pay for ten days' work. He will work more hours. The value of the hours that go to a day at twelve cents average day on the farm will run to \$3.50. There may be a little longer run, but the farm hand puts in easily twelve solid days. The vineyard land is worth as much as for olives, say at least \$50 per acre. California that ten days a year will do the work, and five days will gather the crop more for crushing the grape, and with the year the expense account is \$12.50. Add \$5 for interest and taxes, and for the wine from an acre in the vine. If a few gallons per acre is taken we get that for \$30, or at the rate of less than 20 cents we take a high average of 200 gallons in cost would be about 10 cents a gallon. Theoretical figures must be high. By the cost of wine sent expert. It is much wiser as is exported from the deal is imported, leaving some for export.



Italian beasts of burden

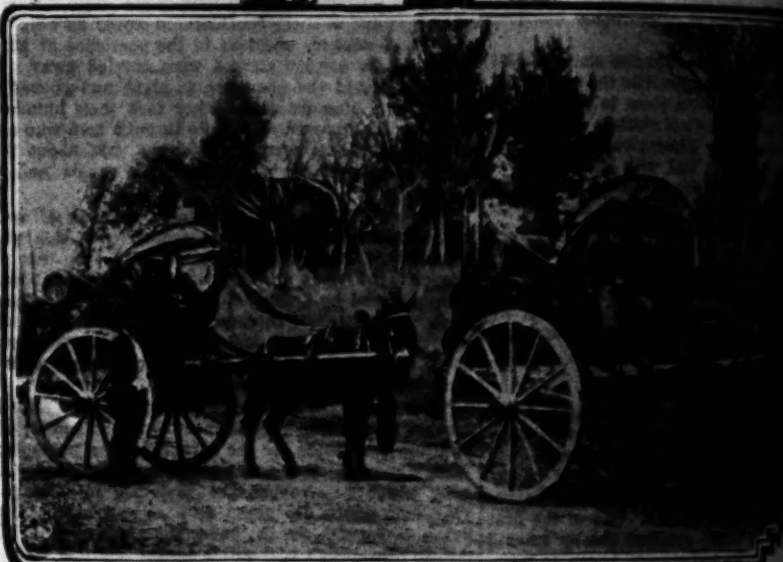
of difference between the wines of Spain and those of Italy, the former being much milder for the common kinds, and the Italian tarter. For the sweet wines the sherries and muscatels of Spain differ much from the marsalas of Italy.

Noah, when he stepped out of the ark, took care at once to set out a vineyard, and in ancient Israel there was sore trouble over the vineyard of a man named Naboth. Homer is full of the carousals of his heroes over the wine jug, and Virgil and Homer tell us all about the Falernian and Massic wines of their day. Here they are still, called by the same names in some cases, and by nearly the same in others. The earliest Greek colonists no doubt brought the vine to Italy, Greece having got the plant from Asia, where there are said to be vines going back to the days of Abraham. I mean that the very roots that were in the ground nearly 4000 years ago are still there sprouting with each returning spring and yielding fruit at each vintage period.

### Vine Widely Distributed.

Like the olive, the vine is seen all over Italy from near the snow-line of the Alps to the heel and toe of the boot where the said toe appears as if having just kicked Sicily off the main land. But in the act the island took away with it its inheritance in the vine, for grapes grow there as well as in all other parts of the kingdom.

Spain got the vine, its culture and the making of wine, from the same source as the people of Italy. The methods are almost exactly the same. As in the case of the olive trees, one sees vines in all sorts of expected and unexpected places. Sometimes a piece of ground of considerable size is set altogether to grapevines, and at others the plot is only the size of a couple of table cloths, while all along the edges of fields and along the irrigating ditches the grapevines run in one long or short string. These vines are set with trees and the grapevine festoons itself from tree to tree, making something like an arbor, or giving the appearance of grapes growing on trellises. This is peculiar to Italy, and is often referred to, not only by Latin prose writers, but by the poets of the Augustan age and earlier. Many times one notes a few vines set on a steep hillside in a bed of gravel so white and poor-looking that it would appear impossible that much of a crop could be gathered. Very often the vines grow in low, damp places, where the soil is all clay. This must account for the sharp, almost acid, quality of some of the common wines of Italy. The cheap "Chianti" is so, and the "Moreno" almost always is very sharp. The "Frascati" is red or white, and the latter is of a very nice Sauterne type, but not just like the wine of that name from the Rhone Val-



Italian wine carts.

and all up to Puget Sound different types, French, German, may be made. Three or four years ago the total consumption of wine in the United States was given as about equal to the California output of today. The wisest temperance policy in the world is the encouragement of the use in the family at mealtimes of simple grape wine, almost free from alcohol, instead of distilled spirits, or even the product of malted grain. The wine drinker who uses simple, dry wines habitually cannot be coaxed to indulge in whisky. The wine industry of California is worth \$25,000,000 a year to the business of the State. The Coast can easily increase this four times, building up a great industry worth \$100,000,000 a year and supporting a population of a million persons directly and indirectly.

### Annual Yield.

From a table comparing the two years it seems that in 1909 for the whole kingdom of Italy the vines cultivated promiscuously with other crops produced per hectare 3278 pounds of grapes, and in 1910 1732 pounds, or in one case 1311 per acre and in the other a little more than half as much. The land used exclusively for

In 1910 of the best Marsala the amount amounted to about 618,440 gallons, and was 75 lire per hectoliter, or \$14.50 per 144 cents a quart, or 58 cents per gallon. The common kinds of wine went export to the amount of 949 hectoliters, and the export value was \$14.50 per 144 cents a quart, or 58 cents per gallon. We have got now? Twenty-five gallons for one gallon for 13 cents. Now this is the wine in casks in the hold of the ship. It has been perfectly matured, brought to port, and transportation paid to the port of destination. In fact, the peasant who made the wine sold a gallon for his output on the farm in the field.

If any reader is disposed to dispute the fact, let him look over these expert values for fruits and compare them with what grapes, olives, Oregon and Washington. Italy produces much as 274,440 quartal of table grapes. The price was 26 lire per quartal. Work it out at \$5.10 per quartal, or a little more than a pound.

These are the choicest grapes. Consider



[illegible]

"She's awful!" he says, in discussing the matter. "I'll tell you just how mean and sharp-toned she is: I had done several pieces of work for her, and finally she gave me the job of adding another story to her house. She was so mean, and had worried me so much, that I built all of that additional story, roofed it, and plastered it before I cut the stairway leading down to the rest of the house. I arranged everything so that I could escape as soon as I had built the stairway. In this manner she had no chance to talk to me."—[Popular Magazine.



## U. S. Marine Corps.

OLDEST MILITARY ORGANIZATION OF  
THE GOVERNMENT.

By Alfred C. Pickells.

In every naval parade on shore there are two distinct bodies of men. One is clad in the picturesque, loose-fitting garb of the sailor, the other in the trim, snug fit of the soldier. Both are sea fighters, and when you see the blue standard of the latter fly out to the breeze, you read in gold letters beneath the corps badge the words: "Semper Fidelis."

It is the motto: "Always Faithful, Always True," the words that have guided the United States Marine Corps through many a ticklish situation and many a hard fight since its organization. And it was the adherence to this motto which gained for the corps the supposed hatred of the sailor, and the formation of the impression among landmen that the sailor and the marine are at loggerheads.

In the early days of the American navy sailors were sailors, which is meant to convey the same idea as the expression, "Boys will be boys." Sailors in those days were often inclined to do just about as they pleased, until they were subjected to discipline. Like boys, they stood together when that discipline fell hard on any of their number, and it occasionally resulted in an entire

vember, 1775, many of the men who served in the original British regiments joined the American corps.

The history of the American Marine Corps is distinctive. It would not be just to say that marines were a braver lot than soldiers or sailors, but the entire record of the corps, due perhaps to the peculiar situations in which its duties have placed it, is marked throughout with instances of individual nerve and bravery.

One of the acts of bravery which has forever established the record of the corps abroad as well as that of the American sailor occurred during the great typhoon at Apia, Samoa, on March 15-16, 1889, when the United States ships Trenton, Vandalia and Nipsic were sunk with the vessels of the British and German navies in the harbor.

The storm caught the combined fleet unawares, and the crews of the various vessels worked like tigers to get up sufficient steam to fight against the elements. On board the Trenton Sergt. John Coleman with his company of marines volunteered for service in the fire-room, where, under the circumstances, the danger appalled the stoutest heart. But they were fighting against a hopeless task, and when the Trenton struck a reef and began to founder, they assembled on deck to witness the successful struggle of H.M.S. Calliope's crew. While the Trenton was sinking, the Calliope passed by on its way out of danger, and the Trenton's crew, with the band playing the "Star Spangled Banner," lined the sides and gave three ringing cheers.

Mentioning this, the London Journal printed: "The

force respect when the occasion requires. The hint of the recent demonstration against the given out, the orders reached the various companies of the companies were ordered, and later 2100 had assembled at Guernsey, Cal., ready to board ship.

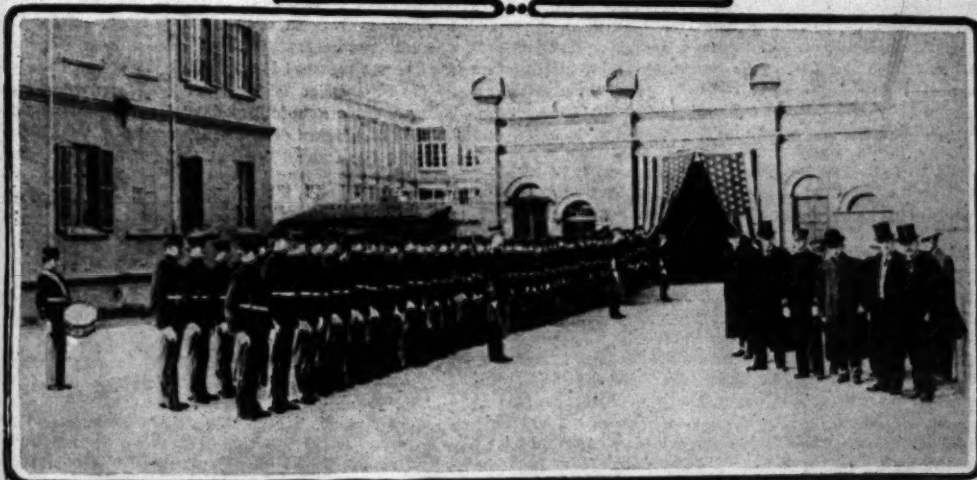
Unlike most of our military institutions, the of officers and men of the Marine Corps have the most important, because it not only contains the most trying and exacting duties of the accompanying foreign service. One wrong step in work might precipitate the United States in a war.

To secure one of these coveted billets is the ambition of many of the young men who enter the military colleges. Both the most and the least of the military academies have all they can do to supply the demand for the naval and army vacancies and the Marine Corps must depend on the colleges of the country. There are anywhere from five to thirty candidates each year, and the candidates who are usually number in the fifties.

Signifying his intention to apply for the position of a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps, a young man must first ask either his Senator or Representative in Congress or the President to recommend him to the Secretary of the Navy, and then before a board of surgeons, he is notified to the mental and a certain amount of professional education.

Higher mathematics, English and French or international law, world's history and geography, brace most of this test. Then he is placed in one of the regular companies of the service of some of the marine barracks in the United States, and he fronts his hardest ordeal. It is here that his proficiency as an officer reveals itself. Perhaps, often, on the cadet field, drilled his company with perfect confidence, but "stage fright" sometimes crop out in the best of them with the first order. It often it will wear off, and as he continues to be commanded and puts the company through the paces, handed to him he gains more command of the company and thus more command of his men. It is here that the general bearing shows that he is fitted to become an officer in Uncle Sam's sea soldiery.

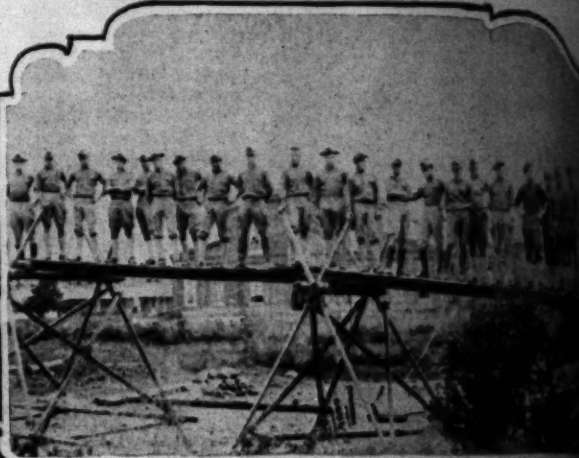
Having thus demonstrated his fitness to become as a second lieutenant comes in the course of a few days, and he provides himself with the necessary equipment of an officer and reports at the headquarters in Washington. There, with a class that makes



American Legation staff at Peking and the Marine Guard.



Bomb-proof rifle pits constructed by student officers.



A class of student officers and the bridge they constructed.

mutiny. It was then that the marine complement of the ship's crew saved the officers' lives and the vessels for the government.

The present United States Marine Corps consists of about 9521 men and 334 officers. Ten years ago they numbered but little more than 6000, and three years prior thereto not much more than 2000. But though the smallest of national military organizations, its history dates back to the beginning of the government and covers a record unequalled by no other corps.

Many centuries before the British war vessels sailed into New York Harbor to visit their colonists the employing of infantry in the regular complement of a war vessel's crew had been the usual custom among maritime nations. Such a custom goes as far back as the fifth century before the Christian era. Grote, in his Grecian history, referred to the Athenian navy during the reign of Darius, King of Persia, thus: "The crews of the swift firemen consisted of two descriptions of men: soldiers who defended the vessels and sailors who navigated them. These soldiers were entirely distinct from land soldiers."

They were the men, in fact, who lined the rails of the vessels, ready to spring to the hand-to-hand conflict after the sailors had fastened the ships together with boarding pikes.

It was to complete such a complement that King George commissioned Col. Spotswood of Virginia, in 1740, to recruit three regiments in New York for service aboard His Majesty's ships. And it was perhaps at this time that the real beginning of the American Marine Corps occurred, because when the Continental Congress provided for two battalions of marines in No-

cheer of the Trenton's crew was the expression of an immortal courage. It was distressed manhood greeting triumphant manhood, the doomed saluting the saved."

Naval men can well understand the rush of feeling that inspired the Calliope's crew to return the cheer. In his report, Capt. Kane, commanding the Calliope, said: "Those ringing cheers of the American flagship pierced deep into my heart, and I will ever remember that mighty outburst of fellow-feeling which, I felt, came from the bottom of the hearts of the gallant admiral and his men. Every man on board the Calliope felt as I did; it made us work to win. I can only say, God bless America and her noble sailors and marines."

With the change in naval methods there has come a change in the training of the American marine. Hand-to-hand fighting aboard ship has practically vanished, but there is a much more important duty to perform. When foreign respect for the American flag wanes to the insulting point, when American business in foreign countries becomes imperilled, when, in fact, the foreign relations of Uncle Sam become strained through the inability of any country to control its citizens, the Marine Corps has a duty to perform. And since that condition is indicated by the activity of the Marine Corps, it might be said that the organization is the pulse of those conditions. They are the first to receive the hint that Uncle Sam is about to apply his stick, sometimes long before the general public is aware of it.

Because of these peculiar duties they are not only established by law to form a guard for United States naval stations and yards, but to form a part of the complement of the crews of men-of-war; not only to stand guard aboard the ships, but to be ready to land and

where from ten to fifty, he receives the assignment from ten to student work at the official Port Royal, S. C.

It was in January, 1906, that the authorities at Port Royal concluded that such a school was needed, while not differing from the character of the schools in general it has unique features which make it the only one of its kind in the world. It is here that the student officers receive that training which makes them the initiative under those circumstances which so much may depend in their future work. The faculty of higher officers of the corps teach the men, and it is an expert faculty because they have been through those experiences which have given them the power to instruct. Three companies of student officers are also stationed there, not only to be used by the students in field training and tactics.

The course of training covers a period of six months, and is both theoretical and practical. Three weeks out of this period is spent at the target range, and six weeks in camp. The studies include military art, military law, military administration, engineering, ordnance and gunnery.

Military art embraces a whole range of subjects which the student can learn in no other way in civil life. In the classroom he is given the field maneuvers to work out on paper. Then, solved, he is assigned to one of the companies to demonstrate their effectiveness by practical means, and upon these results he makes out his final report. Sometimes his solution might mean the loss of



## An Utter Pig.

THE UNBIASED OPINION OF A  
CLEAR-SIGHTED SISTER.

By Dorothy M. T. Willis.

HE was one of the fascinatingly beautiful steel-willed women. She worked havoc in men's hearts and twisted the most disapproving of her own sex round her decided little finger. Without being definitely selfish, she simply didn't consider another person's view of the matter at all—her own was the affair in hand. She was finely benevolent, delighting to make gifts and plan extravagant surprises for her relations and others her fancy lighted upon—and the consideration of expense never troubled her. The man she married adored her and entered enthusiastically into her schemes for the good and benefit of others with some of her own optimism regarding the eventual bills.

It occurred to her once to give her youngest sister a good time at a forthcoming dance. She should have a very beautiful dress. Madame C. would do it. Roman satin, she thought, embroidered with silver. The girl's dark hair and eyes would be shown up so well, and quite possibly her future would be comfortably arranged at that dance, a probability due to her benevolence altogether, since she had some time before refused the man she designed for Doll.

Doll was business-like, shrewd and practical. She knew her sister's vagaries of old, but they had seldom affected her personally so pleasantly. She was also feminine and young, and at the vision of herself in Roman satin she succumbed without pessimism.

Probably Ella's latest book was taken, which would produce in time sundry checks.

The question of money was ignored between them, as became the matter of a gift, and the dress was very exquisite.

When Doll had settled down to her work again, it struck her more than once that he had talked a great deal more of Ella than of herself, and she permitted a doubt of Ella's veracity to creep into her mind—she had so very definitely declared that there was no second fiddle in it at all, that he had always admired Doll most, that indeed he had actually spoken of her with marked interest at Mrs. Faulkener's dinner.

"Yet," mused Doll, "why should she say that if it wasn't true?" Even her shrewdness was not capable of judging to what lengths Ella would go for an artistic effect. She had desired the dance to be in every way perfect, and delusion is the only perfection!

It was nine months later when Doll particularly wanted a little hat exhibited in Madame C.'s window. She went to Ella to find out, delicately, whether the dance dress had been paid for, and was not surprised—not, he it noted, even disappointed—to be told, equally delicately, that it had not.

"So much had to be done with that last check, dear," said Ella, in a resigned tone, "and you see, I want to give it to you myself—but there is another due in about a month—I'm sure Madame C. would send you the hat—she knows me so well."

Doll smiled. "Well, look here, Ella," she said, "I have ten pounds put by—suppose I pay now for the dress, and you give it to me afterward."

Ella considered, with an adorable wrinkle down her lovely forehead. "Yes," she said, "you might do that, dear, or I think a better way still—as I ordered the dress—would be to pay over the ten pounds to my bank, and let me write a check for it—I don't want C. to think anything, you know. Then I can give you back the full ten."

The boldness of the idea won the day where anything approaching diffidence would have roused Doll to a practical view of the matter and made her absolutely refuse. She paid the ten pounds into the bank that afternoon.

A week later, without having in the meantime seen her sister, Doll went to Madame C. and secured the little hat. It was infinitely becoming, and thoroughly pleased she desired the bill to be sent to her. The woman was excessively respectful. "I suppose my sister, Mrs. Hughes, came down on Friday. Had you anything she liked?" Doll asked.

"I have not seen Mrs. Hughes, Madam, since you came together at Christmas."

"Really!" said Doll. "Then I suppose she sent you her check by post last week?"

"No, madam, but I have no doubt she will."

"I think there must be some mistake—I quite understood it had come—I will see her tonight and inquire," announced Doll. And with a last view of the hat, which suddenly seemed a shade darker than she thought, she left the shop and made her indignant way to Ella's house.

Ella was writing. "My child, don't disturb me!" she cried as she caught sight of Doll's face in a mirror. "I am in the very middle of a proposal."

"So am I," said Doll. "I propose you should tell me what you did with my ten pounds. I've just come from Madame C.'s, and she says she has neither seen nor heard of you since Christmas."

Ella swung round in her revolving chair with her most imperious frown. "Do you mean to tell me that woman spoke of me like THAT?" she cried. "I will never go inside her shop again. As if I were on ticket of leave! Doll, dear, I hope you thoroughly well snubbed her."

"Oh, of course, I told her there was some mistake," said Doll. "But that doesn't alter the fact that I gave you ten pounds to pay her, and you haven't done so. I want to know where it is."

Ella smiled a retrospective, sympathetic smile.

"Well, dear I happened to meet my little typist in a tea shop in the city, and she was looking so ill and worried I asked her what was the matter. It appears her mother is fearfully ill, and she can't afford the wine and things ordered for her. You would have felt just as I did, Doll. I asked her what I owed her, and said eleven pounds. I felt a beast, and so I just took out my check book without thinking a minute, and wrote her a check for ten. It will probably save the woman's life, Doll, and in your heart you know you would have done the same."

"Would I?" said Doll. "Would you like to know what I think about you, Ella?"

Ella pouted. She had been asked that question before—usually by rejected adorers—and had invariably heard a melancholy tirade against her own loveliness and coquetry. The tone this time, however, boded less of melancholy than indignation, and Ella did not understand indignation against herself.

"I am really busy, Doll," she said, arranging a stray curl. "I am sorry if you don't think I did the right thing, but I was always too sympathetic, and you were always so terribly practical. If you'd only seen, that little woman's face when I gave her the check!"

"Thank you," said Doll. "I saw Madame C.'s face when I DIDN'T give her the check. I think you're an utter pig, Ella!" And the businesslike Doll stalked out.

"Utter pig!" said Ella, over and over again, until the words appeared to have no meaning, until they were foreign to her mental language.

"Utter pig," she wrote on the corner of her blotting paper, and then she laughed softly and rang for some milk and biscuits before she finished the proposal.

## SEA FRUIT.

Fruits de mer ("sea fruit,") this is the comprehensive name by which the numerous little shellfish of the Mediterranean are known; the term, affectionate if you will, which the French use in speaking of these contributions of the sea which are at their best in Marseilles and all along the Riviera, over the border into sunny Italy.

Marseilles is the great fish market of southern France and Leghorn of northern Italy, while Naples of course is the center for southern Italy. Along the quays of all three cities an epicure on his rambles will find much of interest and many a new sensation for his palate.

Bouillabaisse, even before it was made famous in literature by Thackeray, was considered the piece de resistance of southern France and matelotte de poisson a close second. But for my part the most luscious morsels of the fruits of the blue Mediterranean are the little shellfish which are sold from the booths along the quays or in the open-air kitchens where amid odors of garlic and oil a whiff of the salt air from the sea and of great masses of wet seaweed upon which the shellfish are temptingly arranged make the nostrils dilate even as the sight of the seductive wares tickle the palate and force one to stop and investigate.—[Epicure.

## ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF NEW YORK.

One of the sights of the harbor familiar enough to those acquainted with the water-front but of never-failing interest to the waterside strolling stranger, is the big railroad ferryboat that carries the Boston-Washington through trains around Manhattan between Mott Haven and Jersey City, and apparently this ride is as interesting to the people on the boat as the boat is to the people on the shore.

They just run the whole train on this boat and then in fair weather the passengers get out to stretch their legs and take in the view. As the big boat comes along with the cars of the train aboard seen projecting out forward and aft on deck from under the hoods you see the passengers standing forward for their eight or ten miles water ride down the East River and up the North, or vice versa, through all the varied river traffic close at hand, while shoreward they have that marvelous view of the lower city. The boat is one of the city's notable river sights and the trip on the boat itself and the view from its deck still as wonderful as ever to the unaccustomed traveler.—[New York Sun.

## TOUGH ON TEXAS.

A young lieutenant from a New York regiment surveyed the Texas scenery gloomily and reflected upon his great distance from the lights of Broadway. The smoke from a smelter, and the swirling sand from the low-lying hills had spoiled the lieutenant's disposition.

"Tell me," said an editor from El Paso, "Isn't there some hidden purpose behind this mobilization?"

"There is," replied the lieutenant, "we are going to force Mexico to take back Texas."—[Success Magazine.

## THE WAVES OF BREFFNY.

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,  
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart;  
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me  
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,  
And there is glory in it, and terror on the wind;  
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,  
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,  
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal;  
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,  
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.



## Lower California.

### A TWO THOUSAND MILE JOURNEY THROUGH THE PENINSULA.

By E. W. Nelson,

of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.  
Photographs by E. A. Goldman.  
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**L**OWER CALIFORNIA is the long, narrow peninsula that projects about 300 miles southeasterly from the southern border of California. Its width varies from about thirty to 100 miles, and its irregular coast line, over 2000 miles long, is bordered by numerous islands. Being mainly a mountainous, desert region, it is thinly peopled and presents many sharply contrasting conditions. Here low, sun-scorched plains, where death by thirst awaits the unwary traveler, lie close to the bases of towering granite peaks, belted with waving pine forests and capped in winter by gleaming snow.

Vast desolate plateaus of ragged black lava embosom gem-like valleys, where verdure-bordered streams and the spreading fronds of date palms recall the mysterious hidden vales of the "Arabian Nights." Its western coast is bathed by cool waters and abundant fogs, while the eastern shore is laved by the waves of a warm inland sea, sparkling under almost continuous sunshine.

Although adjoining some of our best-known territory and with a recorded history which goes back almost four centuries and teems with varied events, the peninsula still remains one of the least-known parts of North America. The early chroniclers tell of its discovery in 1533 by an expedition sent out by Cortes in search of a fabulously rich island said to have been inhabited by Amazons.

#### The Patient Work of the Jesuits.

It has been estimated that at the time of its discovery the peninsula, including many of the bordering islands, was peopled by about 25,000 Indians. The inhabitants vigorously resented the intrusion of newcomers, and for more than a century efforts to establish military colonies in the new land resulted in disastrous failures. Then the occupation of Lower California was put in the hands of the Jesuits, and their missionaries were wonderfully successful. They explored all parts of the peninsula and established missions throughout most of its extent, at the same time introducing many of the crops and fruits of the Old World.

In addition they established the three main trails, which extend practically the entire length of the peninsula and to this day serve as the regular routes of travel. One leads along each coast and the third down the mountainous interior. The coast trails are easier to travel, because less broken; but the middle one is most used, owing to its better grazing and more numer-



Gathering salt on desert west of San Ignacio.

ous water holes. We followed this route most of the time, but at intervals changed back and forth to the others.

In the south we traversed long sections of trails which had been made passable by laboriously clearing away great quantities of broken lava, where otherwise the route would have been impracticable. These were bits of the "Camino Real," or Royal Highway, made centuries before by the Indians under direction of the early missionaries. These roads are all foot trails, wagon roads only existing in detached stretches here and there. Two wagon roads cross the peninsula, one from Ensenada to San Felipe Bay, branching in the interior to Calexico on the California border, and another from La Paz to Todos Santos. Two others penetrate the northern part of the peninsula from the border, one down the top of the Laguna Hansen Mountains and the other along the coast from near San Diego to below San Quintin. Three or four of these roads penetrate the interior from landing places on the west coast, usually leading to some mining camp.

Today the Indians have vanished from all parts of their former territory, except a few in the extreme northern end of the peninsula. Some of the old mission churches are still in use, but most of the missions are represented by fragments of ruined walls and choked irrigating ditches.

Americans have made a number of attempts to establish agricultural enterprises and colonies; but, with the exception of the recent development of agricultural lands by use of water from the Colorado River, immediately south of the border, opposite the Imperial Valley, California, these efforts have been almost uniformly unsuccessful.

#### Two Thousand Miles on Horseback in the Desert.

In connection with our work, a preliminary boat ex-

pedition was made by Mr. Goldman with Dr. D. T. MacDougal of the Carnegie Institution, to the delta of the Colorado in March and April, when the flood plain of the Hardy River, at the base of the Cocopah Mountains, was covered with water.

In May we proceeded to Ensenada, a small port on the west coast of the peninsula, about seventy-five miles south of San Diego, to outfit for our long journey. This place is at the head of a small bay, with the steep slopes of the coast mountains rising a short distance inland. Some years ago Ensenada had a temporary "boom" while efforts were being made to establish an agricultural colony there. At the time of our visit the town was more deserted than usual, owing to the number of people who had gone to seek employment on the irrigation works of Imperial Valley. This town is the main port of the northern part of the peninsula as well as the capital of the northern district. Lower California has a Territorial form of government, and, owing to its great length, is divided near the middle into a northern and a southern district, Ensenada and La Paz being the capitals of their respective districts.

The Governor of the northern district, Col. Celso Vega, received us courteously and did everything in his power to forward the object of our visit. After some delay we secured the services of two Mexicans, who claimed to know the trails and water holes along our intended route, with four saddle horses and four pack mules. Many of our self-constituted advisers predicted a sad ending to our journey, comforting us with the assurance that we should have secured saddle mules in place of horses, for the latter would never carry us half-way across the desert. It is no doubt true that mules are better fitted for desert work, but our horses, with a single exception, made the entire journey.

During the next ten months we traversed the entire length of the peninsula and crossed it eight times from shore to shore, traveling on horseback a distance of more than 2000 miles, in addition to several boat trips to islands offshore.



Native servant on roof at La Paz.



Interior of thatched shelters at San Ignacio.

#### The Country is Mainly Mountainous.

Lower California is mainly mountainous, with irregular plains, mainly along the Pacific coast, and smaller plains and valleys here and there along the gulf coast and in the more elevated interior. In climatic and other physical features the northern third of the peninsula is a continuation of extreme Southern California, with local modifications. In the east the southern end of the Colorado Desert crosses the border and continues down the gulf coast to San Felipe Bay, but is more broken by desert mountains than on the Californian side of the line. The part of the desert lying immediately south of the Californian border, with Mexicali as its chief town, is already being improved by irrigation from the Colorado, and will share with the adjacent Imperial Valley of California in extensive agricultural development from this source.

Along the Pacific side a low range of coast mountains rise from 1000 to 4000 feet a short distance inland and extend over 100 miles southerly from the border. Back of this range lie a series of narrow valleys, beyond which rises the main interior mountain range, forming the backbone of the peninsula. These mountains constitute a high, narrow range over 150 miles long extending southeasterly from the California border. The southern section of this range, forming the San Pedro Martir Mountains, rises from 6000 to over 10,000 feet above the sea and has a rugged and broken crest with bench-like valleys.

These are the highest and most picturesque mountains in the peninsula. From their bold summits one has a superb view across the Colorado Desert, with its barren ranges far below appearing like the ridges on a relief map. To the northeast a distant silvery line marks the course of the Colorado, while to the east one's vision crosses the shining waters of the Gulf of California to

mountain ranges in the far distance. On the smaller scale, to the southern part of the peninsula, in the Mount Whitney section.

This range is composed of pine and oak, and a gradual slope through series of foothills, fronting the desert on the west.

The only pine forest in Lower California is at the top of these mountains and extends about the length of the range. It forms a narrow belt of scrubby yellow pines, with many lower and few sugar pines and fir trees on the San Pedro Martir Mountains. At present this forest has little value, while the growth is so widely scattered that it is of little economic value. From the southern end of the Martir Mountains the main mountain of the chain, made up of detached ridges, and with isolated peaks. These mountains descend to the eastern half of the peninsula and close the precipitous shore line, sometimes for long distances to the gulf.

Lower scattered ranges and foothills border the Pacific coast, but coastal plains extend for miles along the shore. From the border southerly to near La Paz the general interior backbone is continuous, but at the mountains descend to a broad, low plain, and across the peninsula from shore to shore to the mountains of the extreme southern end of the north.



Old Mission trail near San Felipe.



Rolling water barrel at San Jose del Cabo.

The mountains from La Paz north to the peninsula are chiefly volcanic. In these volcanic ranges have on almost the westerly side they form great low-lying plateaus, broken by crater cones and covered by huge ragged canyons from 1000 to 1500 feet. This volcanic region contains some of the most desolate scenery imaginable, in the places are set oases which include the most beautiful places in the peninsula.

#### An Unsuccessful Colony.

Three extended desert plains border the coast and are separated by low coastal mountains. The smallest and most northerly of these plains is San Quintin Bay and contains much water at moderate depths, but little on the surface. An unsuccessful attempt was made to colonize these lands on a large scale at the same time the effort already referred to in Ensenada. A large flour mill was built at San Quintin Bay, to grind the wheat raised there, and a railroad started and built northward on its way to San Diego, to carry the product of the mill. The San Quintin, now consisting of a considerable number of dwelling-houses back from a small supply point for American prospectors and mining among the barren mountains of this region.

From a few miles south of San Quintin Bay the west coast is better. A small named bay a great plain, the largest of the comes in and extends for over 100 miles from forty to fifty miles inland. This is the Clara Desert, which became known to the prospectors when the San Quintin



... are on the seaward ... borders the coast ... the ... and their dis- ... but the scarcity of water ... caused them to be ... on the northern bor- ... place for supplies for ... of Colwell and Campo Ale- ... road leads straight away

... of Beamon Lagoon, in the ... deposit of rock salt, ... on the southern end of this ... Water is so scarce on this ... seasons that there ... development.

... Desert the hills again bor- ... and then give way to the ... another low coastal area ... along shore to Magdalena ... of more than 200 miles. It ... with and contains a ... land, though surface water is ... at moderate depth in ... well is flowing near the

**Magdalena Bay Unsuccessful.**

... colonization company, owning a ... Magdalena Plain, made an ... on an open area known as ... Magdalena Bay. In com- ... to colonize the peninsula, ... failure and was soon aban-

... that the orchilla, a lichen ... and growing abundantly on ... small trees on this plain, was ... The firm of Flores, Hale ... of a great tract of land, ... Magdalena Island, and established a ... this plant and shipping ... the discovery of chemically- ... the market for orchilla, and ... company have passed ... Chartered Company of Lower ... corporation, which owns a ... miles wide along the coast ... north latitude, covering ... This company has fine ... island and many cattle on ... from which they supply fresh ... the bay. Their headquarter ... fifty miles north of the bay. ... at both places by the ... Henry.

**San Pedro Harbor.**

... land-locked harbor, with ... the headlands of high, ... back some distance on ... islands. The bay is about ... low, sandy shores on the ... to the north and north- ... on the western side of the ... the same name, at the head of ... sheltered nook formed by a ... shore, a few miles inside the

... this bay and its delight- ... has for years made it a favor- ... for our Pacific fleet. On ... from the village on Magdalena ... where the sailors for- ... but I was told this had been ... from the Mexicans.

... Magdalena the German training- ... and spent several days at both day ... The activity of the night practice ... as an uncomfortable half-hour ... the bay is a small sloop. We ... when the searchlights ... and firing began at target rafts, ... direction for comfort. How ... seen, for the firing quickly ... out of line. The officers and ... and I was much interested ... of the commander for informa- ... the country we had tra-

**Magdalena Bay.**

... steamers up and down the Pa- ... to Mexican ports or to Panama ... to the entrance to Magdalena Bay ... point for a coaling station. For ... station has had a naval coaling ... located at Pichilnahu, on ... Bay. This station is on the ... of the Gulf of California and can be ... the regular line of travel down ... the southern end of the pen- ... to the gulf a distance of over 200 ... Panama. An exchange of location ... present site to Magdalena Bay ... to accessibility and usefulness ... Magdalena Bay for this purpose ... It may be added that this ... from San Francisco, directly

... end of the peninsula the ... of Cabo, containing a popula- ... in a fertile little valley

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 121.)



## The Millionth Patent.

IT WILL BE ISSUED TUESDAY OF THIS WEEK IN WASHINGTON.

By William L. Aldorfer.

**N**EXT Tuesday, July 25, 1911, is the day which will mark an epoch in the history of the American nation, for on that day the United States Patent Office will have issued exactly 1,000,000 patents, more than double the number granted by any other nation in the world.

The genius of the Yankee, famed the world over for his ingenuity, inventive talent and resourcefulness, will have a full demonstration when patent No. 1,000,000 is issued. Who will get this magic number will not be known until the patent itself passes under the numbering machine in the regular order of business. It may be given an invention of comparatively little importance, or it may go to a really great discovery. All depends on the patent which happens to be on the top of the pile when the numbering machine reaches 999,999 and the psychological moment when the clerk reaches over for the next one.

One million patents in less than a century is a record not even approached by any other nation. France comes nearest the United States, with something like 426,000, less than half the number granted in America. Following France is Great Britain with 415,000; Germany, 236,000; Belgium, 228,000; Canada, 126,000; Italy and Sardinia, 94,000, and Austria-Hungary with 68,000. These seven nations rank next the United States in the order given.

It has often been said that no other people on earth have ever showed the inventive genius seen in the United States. The steamboat, the telegraph, the telephone, the aeroplane, and other wonderful inventions, all products of Yankee brains, are all well known. Thousands of labor-saving devices, such as the sewing machine, cotton gin, mower and reaper—all the results of American inventive genius—have done more to alleviate the condition of mankind than any other factor outside of the abolition of slavery.

When Samuel Hopkins, on July 31, 1790, obtained his patent for a device for making pot and pearl ashes, the President and Cabinet members congratulated both the inventor and the officials at the Patent Office. Today patents are issued by the hundreds without the fact of the class, character, or value being known, except to the few persons directly interested in their issuance.

The granting of a patent in the old days when the nation was young, was a matter of great importance, whether it was for making pot and pearl ashes or wooden nutmegs, if those silent testimonials to Yankee smartness had ever been given the grace of a government grant.

### Samuel Hopkins's Patent.

Samuel Hopkins's patent created a great stir because it was the first. The pot and pearl ashes he made were not much different from the pot and pearl ashes a great many other persons made. Pot and pearl ashes are the matter remaining after evaporation when vegetable matter is refined in a crucible or furnace. The pot and pearl ashes are the solid, just as the lye is the liquid remaining.

But at any rate Samuel Hopkins and the patentees who came after him were made much of by everybody. Presidents and their Cabinets used to have the inventors and patentees sought out and presented, and formal compliments were passed, and the patentees were told they were helping the country along.

At that time—1790—the President and his Cabinet scrutinized all the applications for patents, and they rejected a great many of them. In that year only three sets of letters patent were granted. Besides the one to Hopkins, one was granted to Joseph S. Sampson, for the manufacture of candles, and the other to Oliver Evans, for the manufacture of flour and meal. All three of these patents were issued and signed by George Washington. Several other patents were issued during the Presidency of Washington, but the records are incomplete on this point.

Thomas Jefferson, during his Presidency, is said to have made specially stringent rules because of his fear that government grants might aid private monopolies. In that way, the patentees were much complimented, while it was being fully determined whether they had something that the government thought worth patenting.

In May, 1802, President Jefferson appointed Dr. William Thornton as a clerk, at \$1400 a year, to have charge of the issuing of patents. He was of English parentage, and was born on the Island of Tortola. He was graduated in medicine in Edinburgh, traveled much in Europe, and just after coming of age, came to reside in Philadelphia. Here he made the acquaintance of Washington, who appointed him as a member of the Board of Commissioners in the city of Washington. This board finished its work and was abolished May 1, 1802.

### A Dramatic Incident.

An interesting story is told of Thornton. At the capture of Washington City in 1814 by the British, an officer had ordered a squad of soldiers to train a cannon on the building in which was the Patent Office. At that moment Thornton rode up, rapidly dismounted, and threw himself before the gun. With flashing eyes, he demanded: "Are you Englishmen, or only Goths and vandals? This is the Patent Office, the depository of

the inventive genius of America, in which the whole civilized world is concerned. Would you destroy it? If so, fire away and let the charge pass through my body." The officer bowed his head in shame and ordered the soldiers away.

Dr. Thornton continued to issue patents for twenty-four years, and it is said took upon himself the title of superintendent. As showing how seriously he looked upon the issuing of patents, another good story is told of his manner of keeping the accounts of the Patent Office.

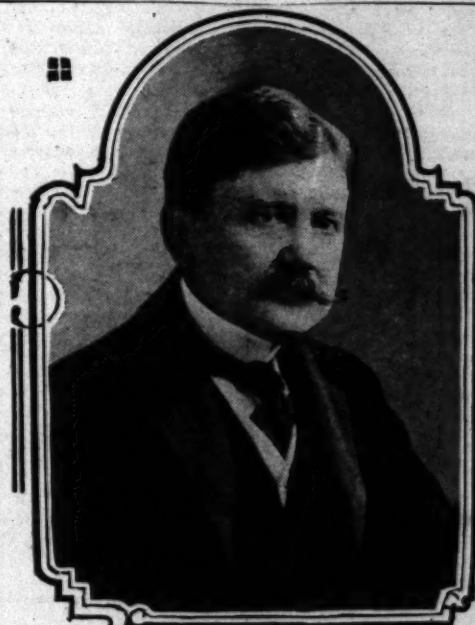
It seems that during the many years of his superintendency he conceived himself to be invested with much discretionary power in the issuing of patents, for he held it as a maxim that the law was made solely for the "encouragement of authors and inventors" and not to collect revenue. Therefore when any mistake or omission took place in issuing patents, he would order a new one to be issued without the payment of any additional fee.

The Patent Board of 1790 was composed of Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State; Chairman Henry Knox, Secretary of War, and Edmund Randolph, Attorney-General. Each patent granted at that time was required to be signed by these three men. Thomas Jefferson, being chairman of the board, was really the first Commissioner of Patents in this country.

In 1793 Congress required the Attorney-General to make an examination of each patent and certify his findings to the Secretary of State, who affixed the seal of the department to the grant. The actual preparation of patents for issue was done by one clerk in the Department of State, who was designated for that duty from 1793 until 1803.

### Present System Inaugurated.

The Patent Office as it stands today was created by act of Congress of July 4, 1836, and the first Commissioner was Henry L. Ellsworth of Connecticut. From that time until the present the patent laws provided for a search system—that is, provided that a search be made to see if any patent of a like nature had been



EDWARD B. MOORE, COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS.

issued, so as to prevent duplication. But before that time there was little if any searching done, because there was no provision made and practically no force to make a search.

The present series of patents began in 1836, and since that time patents have been numbered consecutively. Prior to July 4, 1836, there had been issued 9902 patents. The first patent of the present series was granted to John Ruggles, July 13, 1836, for a locomotive engine, and is patent No. 1. This number was not given the patent at the time of issue, but at a subsequent period when the desirability of numbering patents consecutively was recognized.

In 1836 and for a number of years afterward there were only a few patents issued each year, but today United States patents are issued at the rate of more than 30,000 a year, with applications being filed at the rate of about 50,000 a year.

To show the workings of the Patent Office today and the vast field to be covered before a patent may be issued, it is necessary to mention only a few of the duties of the examining force. It is well known that anything to be patentable must not have been known or used by others in this country before application is made for patent. Nor patented or described in any printed publication in this or any other country for more than two years prior to the application.

The vast mass of patents and technical publications of all countries in the world constitute the field which must be searched today to determine the novelty or newness of an invention. This field of search in 1835 comprised 22,000 United States and foreign patents and the technical literature of the day. In January, 1908, it comprised more than 885,000 United States patents and between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 foreign patents, including all the available technical books and periodicals.

To make possible an investigation into the novelty of any invention, all patents, both foreign and domestic, must be searched, and if nothing is found to conflict with the idea of which patent is requested, the grant is

made. For all this work there is an estimated fee of \$35—\$15 upon filing the application and other \$20 when notice is issued that the patent is granted.

The origin of the United States patent system is of interest. The idea and practice of granting patents for invention had their origin in Europe, and have since been adopted and copied in America.

### Beginning in America.

In October, 1641, the General Court of the Bay Colony initiated the practice in America of granting patents by an act seeming to give an exclusive privilege for a method of making salt, and prohibiting all other persons from making salt for ten years, except in a manner and date of the grant. This act is considered to be the first grant of an exclusive privilege passed in America, and the privilege was to be given under and by virtue of the power of the people and not at the royal pleasure.

In 1653 the colony allowed one John Jencks to use his invention for saving wood and water at little cost. In 1655 a patent was granted to Jencks, for "an engine for the more easy of grass."

From the time the colonies secured independence on July 4, 1776, until March 3, 1802, no patents were granted just as their predecessors in England, had done. It was not until 1790 that patent legislation was enacted by Congress. This law was amended, and from that time on change was made in the law. In 1802 Congress enacted a law for the creation of a Patent Office and made many changes in the law.

Late in July of that year the construction of the Patent Office, excluding the south and west wings. The basement—what is now the ground floor—was to be used for the office and portico floor for office rooms, and the second was to be one large hall with galleries on the second and to have a vaulted roof. This hall was to be used as a national gallery of the inventions for the exhibition of models and apparatus. The body of the building is of Virginia marble and was afterward painted white.

On December 15, 1834, a fire destroyed the building in which the Patent Office was, and of the records and the library, with the exception of Volume VI of the Repertory of Arts and Manufactures, which an employee of the office had carried to his home before the fire. Among the things destroyed was a folio containing drawings of a steamboat, made by his own hands. In 1836 appropriation was made to replace the records and for the erection of a new building, which as it stands today.

### Proud of His Collection.

The Commissioner of Patents in his annual report for 1840 said: "The patented models are exhibited in suitable glass cases. The collection is ready for the exhibition of models and I am happy to say that the mechanics and inventors are improving the opportunity to present their contributions, and from the country no doubt is entertained that the collection is so spacious, will in a short time be presenting a display of national skill and enterprise surpassed by any exhibition in the world."

On September 24, 1877, there was a fire in the Patent Office, when the roof and models in the west and north wings were destroyed, and much damage done to the 87,000 models and 600,000 photographs of drawings were ruined by fire and water. From the first Superintendent of Patents to the present Commissioner of Patents—In 1790, to the present Commissioner of Patents, it is just 121 years ago that the Patent Office has taken place during this time. When the first Commissioner of Patents was issued, the President of the United States, while the record was written in the State Department.

Then followed the Patent Board, composed of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Attorney-General. This board was continued when the first Commissioner of Patents was appointed. From that time to the present there have been commissioners of patents, but it is not until 1836 that the first Commissioner of Patents was appointed, Edward Bruce Moore.

Mr. Moore has worked his way up to the position of Commissioner of Patents. He entered the Patent Office as an assistant in 1833, and from that time served in various capacities until he was made Commissioner in June, 1836.

Edward Bruce Moore has had a wide experience while serving Uncle Sam. He was appointed Commissioner of Patents, to succeed John Ruggles, in 1836. In the summer of 1868 he was appointed to the position of Commissioner of Patents, and in the fall of 1899 he acted as special Commissioner of Patents to the State Department to attend the International Conference of American States at Rome, Italy. Then he served as delegate to the Pan-American conference of American States at Buenos Aires, in the summer of 1910, in charge of relating to patents, trade marks, and copyrights.

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*on the Farm.*

Edward Spillane.

Robert the second  
Robert the third, known  
Junior, has remained there be-

ambitious the boy against his  
to obedience. Occasionally the  
but it only was when he saw  
neighbors could get him to do

that it was the company of the  
neighbor's farm that attracted  
him there was little sympathy.  
to be unfair, but he did not

whatever branch of endeavor the husband felt it more than the money he cared nothing, but and the Franklin farm would

and killed the same number of  
 they worked so hard as he did,  
 this fact and also on the fact  
 him anything about farming.  
 and never answered himself

After that he was content to  
methods of his father.

Then he failed to have a profit season. He fared better on an farmers in the county, and if his hopes he would have been

disgraced him, was secretly charge from the seat of learning man would return to his and more likely to look

and for baseball a passion. At vacation time he usually, but dances and ball games. Once or twice his father but the young man was too

the father the evening of June 10, 1900, "are you decided to do?"

the young man. "If you do

It's hardly in my line. And Electricity offers about the of a start in that branch to at a job in the Westinghouse

he sent to the Agricultural Department for analysis to determine if the soil was suited for the crops intended or if it needed nourishment, and if so, what kind, was stocked at.

"What are you doing?" he cried; "you'll ruin those trees."

well, was his father's rejoinder, "If the other things you learned were as crazy as that you've got your head full of nonsense. I don't wonder you are no account. You've ruined that tree. I'm surprised at you, born on a farm, doing a thing like that. If you'd do as your old

"Father," said the young man calmly, "I did not waste the four years at college. I learned a lot of things. And here they tell how to farm. I know more about

are most of the Rubes in this part of Pennsylvania. Why, you are just scratching out a living on this farm, and you should be making a handsome income out of it. I could take it and make a fortune out of it.

Robert the Second was so surprised he hardly could find words to express himself. To have his son talk

ated Junior in his opposition that he wondered how he had not discovered it long before. And now it depended upon the father whether the young man should remain or depart. It was hard for a man steeped in rigid ideas regarding his own affairs to give way to another, but as

"I don't know, Junior," he said in a sad sort of voice, "that I could change my ways even if I wanted to."

"Of course not, and I wouldn't want you," said the son, "but I'll prove to you I'm right or I'll pay well for it."

enough left of mother's money to carry through everything I'll like to introduce that you call nonsense. You may loaf or work, or do as you please, but I'll be boss for two years. What do you say?"

enough to supply the household. Of corn and oats he sowed only enough for the live stock. He had made an analysis of the soil and had forwarded samples of earth from a dozen places on the farm to the Agricultural Department and had the reports. On those reports

na had so reputation as a peach State, but he was not so foolish as to think Pennsylvania could not raise just as good peaches as Georgia, Connecticut or Delaware. Peaches were supposed to be a delicate, precarious crop. Properly scared, the danger of loss would be mini-

It had been his father's rule to let the grasses grow in the orchard. Junior cleared the orchard as clean of

The work of celebra-  
tion of mining ground for  
that mine. Mining ventures made

Most of the work that first year was in checking the inroads of the parasites and in giving a chance to the trees to recover a little of their health and strength. He set out a large number of trees, planting them as carefully and exactly as if as much depended on it as it really does.

It was spring when he took hold of the farm. Regularly every year many blossoms were nipped by the frost. Some were nipped that year, but Junior determined they never should be again if he could help it. While the trees were in bloom he was a busy man. Every blossom had to be sprayed. The moths which are

That fall the crop of peaches was fair. It was a little larger than usual for the orchard, but not much considering the amount of attention Junior had given to the trees. The father watched the work of his son with interest. Several times he said he was afraid Junior was wasting a lot of good time and energy, but he did not

It seemed to the father at the time that the young man was talking extravagantly, but he was not. Everything he predicted has come true, and more. The spring following his boast to his father he had oil heaters throughout the orchard. In blossom time the thermometer was watched carefully. By an electrical arrange-

Junior's father never saw such things as oil heaters under trees before to keep them warm, and laughed boisterously the first time he came upon them. But he did not laugh that fall. Through careful spraying, thorough cultivation and scientific pruning, especial attention being given to new wood because the best fruit

Robert Franklin Junior is the Peach Prince of Pennsylvania today. There is nothing that science knows about the peach that he has not utilized. Pennsylvania is not supposed to be a peach State, but it is most decidedly peach-producing so far as his portion of it is concerned. His farm has expanded year by year and

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[Copyright' 1911' by Richard Spillane.]

theatrical world to help her



## In the Black Steel Tube.

THE FRIEND OF BILL MORAN COMES  
TO HIS RESCUE.

By Will Fitzgerald.

**E**FFECTIVE June 1, Mr. James Manton will assume the duties of vice-president and general manager, vice Mr. John Hannan, resigned."

Bill Moran, superintendent of construction on the big steel conduit, sitting on the waste bank in the warm June sunline, read the notice with quizzical interest.

So Manton, the precise and proper Manton, was now the big general manager. All right, the superintendent would send his reports to Manton, or any one else man on the job, and he hoped that he would always wear the boots and corduroys of the boss, and have his office in a portable shanty.

Having thus declared ostentatiously to the ambient stillness his sentiment in the matter, the boss expected to be forced and crammed a handful of plug-cut into a big meerschaum in a further effort to drown a still, small voice, clear as a bell and incisive as steel, that, from some place in the depths of his brain, was setting forth in terse, telegraphic sentences the reasons why he himself had not been promoted to the higher office. True as a compass and merciless as a stock ticker, the voice pointed out the general reasons why he was not the man for the place, and clicked off the many specific incidents that had shown this to be the case. The strike of the steel gang, for instance, could have been averted, but for a desire to "get even" with the union; the quicksands could have been held with steel piling, but for his determination to "beat it out" with timbers; the Bulgarian laborers had borne the burden of having their business agent impressed with the authority of the superintendent. He had ridden bolsterously over all opposition to his manner of conducting the work, and, at times, had not hesitated to withhold even simple justice to satisfy his personal feelings.

Then, despite Moran's labored inattention, the voice closed with a reminder that, in every instance, not only the right and wrong of the proposition, but the eminently proper procedure had been indicated. At this, the superintendent puffed vigorously at his pipe.

"I told you so, eh?" he asked aloud. "Well, old rule-monger, if I would listen to you, I'd be a paragon, all right; but there would be a new superintendent on the job."

This same voice had puzzled him from his early manhood, and lately it seemed that he had begun to take a childish satisfaction in disregarding it; it was becoming a nagging nuisance, he thought.

What was it? He had read considerably of the wonderful uncharted frontal brain, the mysteries of which the clumsy scalpel and microscope of science had been unable to unravel. What were the secrets of this convoluted tissue, doubly protected by the heavier skull, the watchful eyes, the ears set immovably forward, and the defending arms? It had often occurred to him that there were the archives of the mind, wherein were stored the precepts and concepts, the knowledge of abstract facts and the deductions therefrom, the record of countless impressions received unnoted by the conscious and retained by the subconscious mind. The archives of the subconscious mind might be on the order of a library, or to be more modern, a great cabinet of microscopic phonograph records, in orderly array or otherwise, according to the keeper; but there was the puzzling part, the keeper.

Who was this keeper, this operator endowed with such high powers of association, so completely removed from the turmoil of life outside, so deaf to the hot impulses of youth? His keeper, or attendant, he knew, was a cold-blooded sort of proposition, with a most irritating air of superiority, who was constantly setting forth the most disagreeable facts at the most inopportune times; who X-rayed his pretensions, and who, with fine scorn, branded as insincere so many of his bravest declamations.

Many a warning dash of high-handed recklessness, many a satisfying indulgence of the impulses of young blood had been refused sanction by this austere presence, whose rejection of everything short of the ideal had become so onerous. Why, if this voice was really from the records of his own impressions, should it have become so antagonistic to his every instinct? If not altogether a thing apart from him, it was probably the heritage of the earlier experiences of his race, gathered from immemorial sources; if so, he refused to stifle his every natural intuition and live on a level plain, guided by a system of wireless from a thousand graves.

"Hell! this is all too deep for Bill," he said half-aloud. "The voice is a foreign thing, and useless to me. I'm Bill Moran, now on earth, the Big Boss on big work, holding down the job and the salary, and I don't want any old cold-storage intellect parasitizing on me."

No, he would live his own life, according to his natural instincts, and no thick-spectacled old reincarnation would put any little black hat, turned up all around, on him.

Having "come out of it," as he expressed it, he stood up, drank in the spring air and warm sunshine, and was reviving his pipe with chesty draughts when Kelley, the engineer, rode up.

"Well, Bill," said the engineer, grinning, "what do you think of the way Manton beat you to the big desk?"

Bill blew a line of smoke from one corner of his mouth and answered with fine indifference. "Oh, that's an easy one. Manton's a listener. Know what that is?" The engineer did not. "Well, you're a sort of a bone-

head, anyway, Kelley, and I haven't time to try to explain it to you. I'll tell you, though, that I'm not a listener. I'm Bill, the big boss, and I follow my own nose; that's me." He threw back his shoulders and rammed his hands into his pockets.

"Tell them up the line to open Section 6 at 11 o'clock as ordered. I won't be there till after noon."

One mile above, Section 6 of the steel aqueduct, seven feet in diameter and 2000 feet in length, had been completed, filled, and tested, and Moran had given instructions to empty it by opening the valve at the bulkhead at 11 that morning. Orders had been sent also to the lower end of the conduit to raise the gate at the outlet one hour before that time, and it was Moran's intention to walk through the mile of pipe line on a last trip of inspection ahead of the water.

Lighting his lantern, he lowered himself by the iron ladder into the great black steel tube, buried twenty feet in the quicksands. As his boots splashed in the few inches of dead water in the pipe, he closed his eyes for some moments, to accustom them to the darkness, dispelled for only a few feet by the light from the small opening.

An Austrian laborer, an old miner, sent the day before to open the manhole at Station 52, had reported "close air" in the pipe; but the superintendent, thinking he had mistaken the odor of the asphalt coating on the metal, had given the warning no thought. Starting toward the outlet, he examined the coating of the pipe for rust, and the joints for signs of leakage, or strains caused by the moving quicksands above.

The darkness was not only an absence of all light, it was utter blackness, heavy, moving, enveloping blackness, that could be seen in velvety black folds, and that could be felt in the palms of the hands, on the eyelids, and on the chest. The waves of light from the flame of the lamp seemed not to penetrate, but only to push back to arm's length, the black curtains that quickly closed in again.

For an hour he went along thus, and was listening for some sound from the outside at the lower end, when he was seized with a sudden prescience of danger. He stopped, and, looking at his watch, was surprised to find that it was 10:45, and he had seen no sign of an open end.

Except at intervals, the stillness was as intense as the blackness, and, for this reason, Moran expected to hear the turning of the screw which was to raise the gate at the outlet. In the hour he had been in the pipe, no such sound had reached him, although twenty minutes of turning was required to lift slowly the six-ton gate. Possibly, it occurred to him, Sterling had raised the gate earlier, his instructions being to open it by 10 or before.

Moran hesitated; to go on and find the gate closed meant to lose so much time that the water from Section 6 would meet him before he could return to the manhole; even now, it would be a close race.

Although the pipe carried and intensified every sound, he could not hear the faintest murmur from the outlet. He reflected, however, that the discharge was at a great basin, around which there were no workmen, and no noise other than the water rippling against the walls.

Suddenly, two or three sharp, metallic sounds jumped at him out of the darkness, and a winged whirl whizzed past his head; a slower dull rumble followed, swelled into a fierce roar, and culminated in a clap of thunder that crashed around him and jarred the steel walls. The reverberations rolled on down the pipe, decreasing in the distance to a hollow clangor, then to a low booming; the superintendent the while standing tense, every nerve set to hear the finish. One second and it came, a distinct knock, as of a football kicked, and the man's heart missed a beat as the sound struck his taut-strung ear.

He knew the gate was closed. A wagon had been driven across the steel viaduct that carried the conduit across a ravine a half-mile above, and the sound waves had struck the closed gate.

Turning to retrace his steps, he looked again at his watch, and a quick calculation seemed to give him just time enough to reach the manhole ahead of the water.

With the first quick steps came a smothering of the lungs, and sharp pain shot from ear to ear. The warning of the Austrian flashed over him, and he caught his breath. Raising his lantern, he looked at the flame, and, for a second, he stood transfixed and staring; just above the flame there hung a small bluish frustum of light, the "minor's cone," indicating the presence of deadly gas.

"A cone! gas?" he gasped, and started for a run. "Where did marsh gas come from? Why, that fool Austrian—no wonder my lungs—"

"CH<sub>4</sub>, carbon monoxide, formed by vegetation decomposing under water, odorless, tasteless, colorless, dangerous when above 6 per cent., cone forms at 8, fatal in few minutes when above 20."

It was the Voice, cold and calculating as usual.

"Never mind me, old-timer; I'm the boy that can run it out," the mental answer went back as he splashed through the darkness.

Again his lungs convulsively closed against the deadly gas, staggering him against the cold steel shell, smashing the lamp, and tearing his hand on the scarred edge of a plate. He was thoroughly aroused and alive to the fact that he must make the most of his strength to reach the air ahead of the water, but still strong and confident. Gasping a short draught of the poisoned air, he sped forward.

"This is going to be a run," he thought. "Wonder how far—"

"Manhole Number 3, Station 52 plus 20, 4000 feet from here."

"Well, the old head has come down to modern history, anyway," was his surprised comment.

As he ran, tearing through the black water, he star-

tled a thousand echoes, late as to whether or not he was coming toward him. The water came him and seemed to be getting closer. "This deeper water must be where the sand," he thought.

"Settlement at place 11000 feet here. Water is rising."

The Voice was as serene and dispassionate as a clock.

"You're a wonder, old miner, you help run. Bill is the boy to get on."

He was running carefully in the dark, holding his breath, and pushing against time, a heart-breaking, long-remembered jump, and his little, slender legs were reeling headlong against the steel wall of the water. Struggling in his last, he started in the wrong direction.

"The gas has me going, but I'm sured myself, plunging forward toward the light."

"Where's the water from Section 6?"

"Previous calculations show that water from Section 6 through twenty-two lower zone of pipe at Station 52 is due."

"Thanks! You're getting to be a good your eighteen minutes are about gone."

Lunging ahead into the water, he burst and his chest clamped in a pounding frantically to send blood to his legs, he covered a thousand feet.

Suddenly a red blur appeared before him, a moment, and vanished; two long, white bones raced out of the blackness, the flying echoes.

The water caught at his feet, he fought doggedly through the heavy darkness gripped at his spine, he felt the head swell, and knew that his strength was moving. His hands, no longer useful to guide him, were at his throat; he was dancing lights ahead of him, and he called to her mother. At the sound, he threw forward for a hundred steps. Then, thrown against the riveted wall, and feeling robbed him of precious strength, he was all but down, and only by a tremendous agonized legs did he recover and start.

While all the noises of hell poured in his ear drums, fluttering pictures of his life appeared before him. Then he saw the outlet with boat hooks, waiting for him through the gate, and a moment later, opened, bloated thing they were waiting for out, head first.

"Brace up! Six hundred feet to go!" He heeled against the side, leaning into the rising water. With the last ounce of strength he resisted the driving of this aquatic vengeance.

"Brace up? I'm all in! Oh, God, I'm not ready—"

A black, suffocating flood of water, chest, a leg crumpled under him, and he sloping side into the water. With a head sank on his breast, and the water took his weak hold on a rivet head. He climbed over the fallen body, and he down-stream, then another look, the "Bill! get up! Bill!"

At the name, he raised his head, and before heard that from the Voice. He rose, and threw himself blindly toward the shock him, and he sank again into the water.

"Air better—breathe deeper—take the lungs heard and opened with a gasp, ears awoke, and the rillery of a thousand raised the head an inch. In the blackness, the Voice rang clear:

"Heart dynamo and leg motor gear overload for short time. Power must be will operate switches. Breathe! Breathe!"

There was a great lurch of the body, switch was closed, and something jerked at and stiffened the leg he had opened, raised the dead weight above his head. The head lolled from side to side, dangled from the drooped shoulders, sure and strong again, drove forward water, 600 fighting steps to the upper end at the manhole. A nervousness was round, and the limp body was lifted from frame.

As the merciless water crept higher, he groped blindly for the stay above, huge, sightless worm, the body dangled another and another, until the head touched ground. The sunlight, beating in, brought back the fluttering consciousness, tightened convulsively on the rope.

Four hours later a leaner party near the manhole, was hailed by a face whose hands were bound in metal, face was drawn and ashen, not recognizing his superintendent.

"I fell in the pipe and out my head,"

"You didn't go into this and by yourself,"

asked.

The superintendent smiled and said, "I had a friend with me."



## Ephraim.

THE ROMANCE OF ROB-  
AND AMELIA.

M. Elliott.

she had the supplies down for a delicious birthday cake such as she had never failed making for him. If only he didn't forget!

Uncle Ephraim was taking his time down the long road, and had stopped several times to wipe the perspiration off his brow. A vegetable Chinaman passed him in his big covered wagon. "Better hully," he called good-naturedly, showing his yellow teeth.

A couple of old men from the Poor Farm caught up with him, and soon they were in the midst of an animated discussion on the weather, crops and politics. This was one of the menaces to early marketing that Amelia feared and had expostulated about often. But today he was less inclined to loiter than usual. "Boys," he whispered, confidentially, "it's my birthday."

"How old be you?" asked the smaller one of the two, a shrewd veteran of time's vicious assaults.

"Seventy-five," answered Uncle Ephraim proudly, inflating his chest.

"Huh!" answered the other contemptuously, wallowing a huge piece of tobacco around in his toothless mouth. "I'm 82."

They looked at the other man, a tall, slouchy fellow with the locomotor ataxia in his feet and legs, so that when he walked he resembled a decrepit kangaroo proceeding by leaps and jumps.

"I'm only 69," he drawled in a high, whining voice. "But I've had awful poor luck, and then this here trouble hittin' me." He looked at them mournfully, although in reality he considered his shamed appendages assets, as they had procured for him a warm and easy berth at 65.

"Well, I must be a-goin'," said Uncle Ephraim with dignity.

"We'll walk along together," said he of the jumps, getting ready for action. Uncle Ephraim, however, had his own opinion about walking into town with the inmates of the Poor Farm, so he grabbed the handles of the cart and put off in great style, leaving the toothless one of 82 staring after him, and the crippled one jumping about madly in the rear.

He crossed the car tracks in safety, and entered the town on a quiet street lined with cottonwoods. His mind was full of one thought. Had Amelia forgotten his birthday? Would the white frosted cake be on the pantry shelf as usual? There was one plan he might carry through to remind her of it. He would take home some trifles for the babies and hide them under his plate. He would produce them at supper, pretending that he thought the babies had a birthday. That would surely remind her.

He entered the main street of the little mining town and made his way to the farther end where stood the big grocery store that bought his produce. The grocer greeted him kindly. Every one in town honored Amelia Montgomery for her brave fight, and respected the old man, although they thought he was a "bit cracked."

The vegetables were sadly wilted from the hot sun, but the grocer said nothing. "What does Mrs. Montgomery want in exchange for these?" he asked genially.

Uncle Ephraim thought hard. The note in his pocket was completely forgotten. "A—a sugar rabbit and a rubber doll," he exclaimed finally.

"What?" asked the grocer.

"It's the babies' birthdays," explained Uncle Ephraim.

"Both their birthdays?" asked the grocer incredulously.

"Yes, sir," insisted Uncle Ephraim. "And I want a plug of 'baccy'."

"There's something coming to Mrs. Armstrong on her account," said the grocer, as he picked out the fattest rabbit and most fantastically-dressed doll.

"Oh, that's all right," said Uncle Ephraim airily. "Keep the change."

He took his lightened cart and set out for home. It was getting very hot and sultry. It was true Amelia had cautioned him not to loiter, true that he had a couple of surprises in his pocket for the babies; but he was tired and sleepy, and when he reached the fringe of pines marking his progress as half-way home he stretched down under the biggest, coolest tree of all and was soon fast asleep.

The grocer mused a little after Uncle Ephraim had left the store. Then he turned to one of his delivery boys. "I wish you'd drive out to Mrs. Armstrong's this afternoon. I expect she did want something, and the old gentleman forgot it."

A man who had been standing in the back of the store came forward. "I have to ride out that way this afternoon, he volunteered with a good deal of eagerness.

"I'll tend to it for you."

"All right, Mr. Danvers," said the grocer with a shrewd smile.

So it came about that Robert Danvers drove up to Amelia's gate at 3 o'clock. Amelia flushed when she caught sight of his long, clean length of limb climbing out of the buggy. She came to the door quickly, the breeze blowing her light brown curls about her face, her blue eyes troubled.

Danvers stopped awkwardly just outside the gate, while Amelia extended her hand nervously. This had not been his first visit, and they both remembered.

"Mr. Shaw was wondering if you wanted any groceries today, and as I was driving out this way I thought I'd stop and see."

"Didn't Uncle Ephraim give him the list?" asked Amelia anxiously.

"I don't believe so," answered Danvers, drinking in her wholesome beauty as a man might quaff clear, pure spring water.

"What did he get—do you know?" she asked.

"I believe he said something about a sugar rabbit and a doll," answered Danvers, embarrassed.

"What in the world!" laughed Amelia, mystified. "He hasn't come back. Today's his birthday, and I wanted

to make a cake. If you'll get me the ingredients of that, and see if you can find Uncle Ephraim for me, I'll be so much obliged."

"Anything in the world I can do for you," said Danvers, leaning forward and looking deep into her eyes. But Amelia compressed her lips tightly, and with a half-sigh Danvers turned his mare back toward town and drove like the wind.

He got the list filled at the grocer's, and then stopped sheepishly at a baker's shop and bought a cake ready-made, the biggest, fluffiest one in the shop. "In case her's shouldn't turn out well," he said to himself.

The task of rounding up Uncle Ephraim proved harder. That comfort-loving soul had delved deeper and deeper into the shady pines as the sun shifted position. Danvers hitched his mare at the edge of the pines and stalked resolutely about. He heard voices, and made his way toward them. He chuckled involuntarily as he came upon the owners.

Uncle Ephraim and his cronies of the morning sat under a pine tree. Uncle Ephraim's derby was rakishly askew, his cheeks were flushed, his vegetable cart was pushed aside, and he was bending over a greasy pack of cards. The company had been reinforced by a fourth—a genuine "bo," with tattered clothes and blood-shot eyes. There had evidently been betting. Uncle Ephraim's "baccy" lay in the "bo's" broad palm, he of the wobbly legs had captured the sugar rabbit, and the rubber doll hung in the balance. An empty bottle lay among the pine needles.

Danvers cleared them out in a second. The "bo" he took by the collar. "Here, get out of this!" he cried, as he captured the tobacco and sent him rolling over a convenient boulder. Ignoring the veterans and reclaiming the sugar rabbit, he lifted Uncle Ephraim to his feet.

"Come," he said peremptorily.

"Just celebratin' a little," explained Uncle Ephraim. "My birthday, you know."

It was now thundering tentatively. Shaky lines of light flashed out, and rain began to fall. Danvers lifted the old man into the road wagon and put the vegetable cart up behind. He drove as fast as he could, but they got a sharp drenching before they pulled up at Amelia's gate.

"You've come!" she cried, relieved, as Danvers lifted Uncle Ephraim out of the road wagon.

"Yes," said Danvers, presenting the frosted cake and the sack of groceries he had contrived to keep dry. "I thought I'd like to give him a present," he whispered. He forebore to tell her of the conclave he had interrupted.

Amelia's smile of happy gratitude warmed his heart. He walked toward the door, but Amelia interrupted him. "You're not to stir out of this house until after supper. That is, if you can stay to celebrate Uncle Ephraim's birthday," she added archly.

"Yes, indeed, I'll stay," said Danvers.

Amelia bustled about getting supper, while Uncle Ephraim entertained Danvers on the front porch. As she killed her fattest pullet and ravished her garden recklessly, she did some hard thinking. Once she stepped to the farther confines of the back lot and strained her eyes to where her girlhood's sweetheart and mate lay at rest.

She had vowed when laying him away that the wound in her heart would never heal.

She had planned after this summer was over to sell the cottage and take Uncle Ephraim and the babies back to New England. She could teach there, leaving them with a relative.

Ah, but she had reckoned unwisely! Reckoned without taking account of the lure of the great, free West that would call her back lustily; reckoned without her woman's heart that could love the new with no less constancy because of the old; reckoned without the tides that were carrying her on to destiny.

Her hands trembled as she made the little table bright and called them out. Danvers was not slow to realize the subtle change in her, the softening of her mood. He arose on an impulse to propose a toast. "To Uncle Ephraim and his niece!" he cried. "And may the best man win her," he added softly.

Uncle Ephraim's old ears were sharp. He cackled delightedly. "Why, that's you, ain't it?" he queried innocently, as he produced the sugar rabbit and rubber doll, his contributions toward the jubilee.

Amelia choked in her tea, and then reached over and patted his worn old hands softly and turned to Danvers with a smile of surrender on her face.

Danvers gripped the old man's hand so hard that he squirmed in protest. "How would you like to come and live with me, Uncle Ephraim—you and—Amelia and little John and 'mmy'?" he asked.

Uncle Ephraim reflected. "Will there be plenty of 'baccy'?" he asked shrewdly.

"Loads of it," answered Danvers.

"I don't suppose I'd get to see Mike and Bill much then," he ruminated. Mike and Bill were the two veterans of the Poor Farm.

"I'll drive you over there every week," promised Danvers.

"And I won't have to push that old cart?" asked Uncle Ephraim.

"Never again," laughed Danvers.

"Then I'll go," announced Uncle Ephraim firmly, quite unaware that he was being used as a go-between in a budding romance.

## ABRUPT.

Judge Stevens had a slight hesitation in his speech, but that affliction did not prevent his using long words. One morning his dog Snip got into a fight with another dog. Taping him with his cane Judge Stevens exclaimed: "D-d-d-dis-con-t-t-t-tin-ue."—[Success.



## Alaska a Game Preserve.

IT BECOMES SUCH THE PRESENT MONTH. FOR NATIONAL USE.

By Rene Bache.

THE Territory of Alaska this month enters upon a new phase of its existence. It becomes a vast game preserve—not, it will be understood, for the benefit of sportsmen or for any privileged class of citizens, but for the use of the nation at large.

The chief reason why this transformation is effected, under direction by Congress, is that the game animals and fur-bearing mammals of our Arctic province have been seriously threatened with extermination by ruthless hunting. Not only are the fur seals nearly gone,

will be allowed to be killed in the Territory, under heavy penalty of fine and jail—save only such as the Fisheries Bureau permits, under certain conditions, to be trapped or shot. The sea otter is not to be hunted at all for nine years to come, and the beaver not for four years. Suitable closed seasons will be established by the Fisheries Bureau for mink, muskrat, ermine, and the other minor mammals already mentioned.

This is simply a new move in the direction of conservation. It is desired, largely for the sake of the fur trade, to prevent the extermination of the native Alaskan mammals, and even to encourage their increase. How far such creatures are capable of maintaining their numbers with any sort of show for survival is illustrated by the fact that in the Hudson Bay region, exploited as it has been by the fur companies for centuries, the abundance of most of the valuable fur bearers is as great as ever.

matter of great importance. In some cases, the year during which each species is to be killed is poor condition, its skin being much less valuable. Obviously, the killing of the species, whatever it is, ought to be prohibited during this period. In some cases, it is not known just what the condition is; and they vary not only with the season, but also with the region.

But suppose that a warden is stationed on the Yukon River. He collects in each month a few specimens of each kind of fur-bearing animal. At the end of the twelvemonth, when these specimens are arranged on a table, it can be seen at a glance just what the period during which each species ought not to be killed.

With a view to giving the best possible protection as much as possible about their abundance, and their natural distribution, natural enemies, and food, it is necessary of all it is to be acquainted with the habits of each species, and to learn how old they are before they are able to take care of themselves. This has an obvious bearing upon the conservation of open and closed seasons.

For the management of all such matters a division of the Fisheries Bureau has been created, and the Alaska Fisheries Survey, with Dr. R. W. B. as its chief. It will have charge of the fur-bearing animals, the minor fur bearers, the beaver, the sea otter, black and certain other bears. The great bear, however, is, by a curious freak of nature, under the direction of the Biological Survey. It is the largest of all known species of bears, and is found on the island of Kodiak and the neighboring islands.

So far as game animals and fur-bearing mammals are concerned, the Territory from this time on will be controlled as absolutely as if it were a national park. All shipments of skins from the Territory have to be reported to the Bureau of Fisheries. In this connection it should be maintained that the valuable quantities of pelts are sent out by mail.



A Kodiak bear—largest of all known species of bears.



Commissioner of Fisheries George M. Bowers.



Stuffing and mounting a walrus.



A bird rock in Bering Sea.



Seal lions.



Eskimo hunting walrus on edge of ice. The blown-up sealskin is a float.

but the sea otters are all but extinct; the beaver are in imminent danger of being wiped out entirely, and such minor fur bearers as the land otter, the marten, the mink, the fisher, the sable, the weasel, the muskrat, the lynx, the wild cat, and the ermine are in most urgent need of protection.

Hitherto these smaller fur-bearing mammals have looked for administrative protection to the Treasury Department, which has done nothing for them whatever. The principal trouble with the wild animals of Alaska, indeed, has been that the business of looking out for them has been distributed among four executive departments, with occasional interferences from the White House. All of this is now changed. From this date the Biological Survey (of the Department of Agriculture) will control the affairs of the game animals and plumage birds, and the fur-bearing creatures will be under the management of the Fisheries Bureau.

Henceforward no fur-bearing animal of any species

Five game wardens will be appointed to look after the fur-bearing animals in Alaska. Their duty will be (1) to enforce the regulations; (2) to study the habits, geographical distribution and abundance, food, natural enemies, and particularly the breeding seasons of the various animals concerned; and (3) to collect specimens of them in each fur-producing region throughout the year.

It might be said that the capable performance of such comprehensive duties would demand the services of first-class field naturalists, and such is in fact the case. The men selected for these places will be clever young fellows who have developed a talent for natural history in this special line, and will be glad to accept moderate pay with the opportunities afforded for study in a part of the world that is comparatively little known from a zoological standpoint.

They will have to be good practical taxidermists, in order to collect the requisite specimens—this being a

Postoffice Department has instructed every postmaster in Alaska that henceforward, whenever a fur-bearing animal is offered for mailing, the postmaster is required to fill out a blank, stating the species and kind. The postmaster must certify to the statement, which he thereupon forwards to the Fisheries Bureau at Washington.

The conference in which Great Britain, Japan, and the United States have recently been engaged, while working out a sort of international agreement for the protection of marine animals, has also over the walrus, the sea otter, the seal, and certain species of whales. There is a very excellent prospect that these valuable creatures will be preserved for the benefit and use of future generations of mankind. It was decided that nothing should be done in behalf of the sea lions, even to the extent of establishing a closed season, because they are



## The Hold Up.

REMARKABLE FORESIGHTEDNESS OF  
SI WEST, STAGE DRIVER.

By Kenneth Carlyle Beatson.

SI WEST, the grizzled old stage driver, a relic of early days, brought his stage up in front of the postoffice. The mine superintendent came out with a mail bag and handed it to him.

"Well, Si," he said, "did you get the gold?"

"Yep. There 'tis," replied the old fellow, ejecting a mouthful of tobacco juice, and pointing to a square little box that sat on top of the stage. "Any passengers?"

"Yes, there's one," answered the superintendent. "He'll be out in a minute. You'd better be kinda careful today, Si," he added, drawing closer. "There's more gold in that box than usual, this week. And you know Black Merton's been tearing off some stunts around here the last month or two."

"Don't you worry none 'bout Black Merton," assured Si. "I been up agin him befo'. They don't none of them bad men git th' best o' Si West. No, sir-ree."

At this point, the passenger, a well-dressed and pleasant looking fellow, came out of the postoffice.

"This the stage I'm to take?" he asked.

"Yep," replied Si. "You kin either git inside, or you kin ride up here with me on th' seat, jest as you like."

"Thanks. Guess I'll ride up on the seat, as it don't make any difference."

He mounted to the driver's seat, and Si cracked his long whip over the horses; starting them off at a gallop.

They went for several miles without either breaking the silence. Then the old driver began chuckling softly to himself.

In a moment he spoke.

"He, he," he giggled. "Did you he-year what th' sup' was a sayin' t' me? He, he. I run up agin Black Merton onct. Yep, but didn't git none th' best o' me. No, sir-ree."

"Tell me about it," encouraged his passenger.

"Wall," the old fellow began. "'Twas 'bout six months ago, an' I was a carryin' a box a gold fer th' Comp'ny. I'd got jest 'bout long here somere, an' he comes a riddin' out fr'm behin' thet hill up there on th' road, an'—H'm."

He ceased speaking suddenly, for a horseman had appeared, galloping around from behind the hill just indicated. The latter did not slow his horse down in the least at the sight of the stage, but came right on toward it.

When he was almost in front of it, he suddenly reared his horse up on its hind legs with a jerk, and covered the two on the seat with a heavy revolver.

"Hands up!" he cried.

Si and his passenger instantly obeyed the command.

"Now," said the robber, "you up there with th' dude elphes, git up an' take down thet box fr'm off'n th' stage. Be quick, too, befo' I give you a little liveller."

The passenger obeyed with an agility that bespoke of no need for a "liveller."

When the box had been deposited on the ground, the bandit said, "Now you kin git back on th' seat. And you old grandpa with th' reins, drive on. An' say, I got a pard up there on thet hill, an' you better not look 'round, 'cause he might not know what you meant by 't. He's got a gun thet carries up some, too," he added, meaningly.

"Go-ed up," called Si to the horses, and as they started, they heard the clatter of hoofs as the robber galloped away.

For perhaps twenty minutes, neither spoke. Then the old driver began to chuckle again.

"Well," said his seatmate, in every evident surprise, "I shouldn't think you'd be so happy over losing that gold. What do you think the superintendent will say about this?"

"He, he," giggled Si. "They don't none of them git th' best o' Si West. No, sir-ree. That fellow won't be a feelin' very happy, neither, that is, 'less he was a-lookin' fer rocks."

"What?"

"Sho. D'you think I'd a put a box o' gold up there fer th' whole country t' be a lookin' at? No, sir-ree. Thet box didn't hev nothin' in't but a lot o' rocks."

"And where in the deuce do you keep your gold?" asked the other.

For an answer, Si pulled up the flap that hung over the front of the seat on which they sat. Under the seat lay a box, precisely like the one that the robber had taken.

"He, he," giggled Si. "They don't none of them git th' best o' Si West. No, sir-ree."

"Is that right?"

The driver started up at the strange note in the other's voice, and found himself staring into the barrel of a big revolver, held in his companion's steady hand.

"I guess you know me now, don't you?" smiled the latter. "I'm Black Merton. You fooled me with that rock gag before, but the man ain't living that can fool me twice. Now, you can just exercise your muscles dragging that box out from under the seat. Thanks for tellin' me where it was, but I knew it wasn't the other one, all alone. That other robber is a pal of mine. We figured this was the surest way of getting the gold."

Some four hours later, Si West brought this team to a halt in front of a little depot in Verde Station. Alighting from his seat, he went quickly around to the rear of the stage. Here he lifted a piece of canvas from the bed

of the wagon, and took out a small square box it had covered. With a great effort, he lifted the box to the ground, and called the agent to come and help him in with it.

"He, he," he giggled. "They don't none of them git th' best o' Si West. I spotted Black Merton th' minute he come outa th' postoffice this mornin'. Mebbe he likes rocks too, though. He, he. They don't none of them git th' best o' Si West. No, sir-ree."

### JEFFERSON DAVIS UNDER ARREST.

But it really seemed as if the deep feeling of the community had possessed the United States officials. The desire to be polite and gracious manifested itself in every one of them. After we were all in the courtroom awaiting the arrival of the judge and the prisoner, Gen. Burton came in dressed in full uniform and followed by Mr. Davis. The marshal conducted them to the prisoner's dock, coming immediately to me to invite me to sit by Mr. Davis, that he might feel he had a friend with him, and lose the disagreeable consciousness of the presence of constables and turnkeys. As I pushed my way through the crowd, I thanked the marshal heartily, and sitting down beside the prisoner, felt that I was enthroned with a king.

In a very few moments, the courtesy was extended by asking us to remove from the seat of the accused to join Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Reed within the bar. There I stood behind Mr. Davis during the whole of the proceedings, and when it was all over, was the first to congratulate him.

Observation of this kindness on the part of the officials had inspired in anxious friends more hope in the judge, but there was still such a dread in everybody's eyes when Underwood was about to speak—such a perfect stillness in the halls as I shall rarely see again in a lawyer's life of anxiety in courtrooms. And when the oracle came—"The case is undoubtedly bailable, and as the government is not ready to proceed with the trial, and the prisoner is and for a long time has been ready and demanding trial—it seems eminently proper that bail should be allowed"—such joy and relief as came upon all faces!

When it was done and "the prisoner discharged," Mr. Davis asked me to convey him as rapidly as possible from the court to his rooms at the Spotswood, and I did so in triumph.

Our stage was beset with a crowd frantic with enthusiasm, cheering, calling down God's blessings, rushing forward to catch him by the hand, and weeping many tears of devotion to "our President." I shall never see such joy in a crowd again, and some of the faces I saw through the tears in my own eyes will remain impressed on my memory forever.—[Mrs. Burton Harrison, in Scribner.

### CUSTOMS OF THE SEMINOLES.

The Seminole is the only Indian today who is as free as were his ancestors in the pre-Columbian days. If all the world but the Everglades in Florida were to be blotted out of existence the latter would still be enough of a world for the Seminole's wants and happiness. He is peaceable and honest and was never worthy of the terrible things done him 100 years ago by the white man, when nearly everybody believed that the "only good Indian was a dead Indian."

The tribal religion of the Seminoles is far above that of the other native Indian tribes. It is lacking in their revolting and harsher features. Some of them have recently become Christians, and as such God is known to them as E-schock-e-tou-e-see, while the tribal god is called His-a-kill-nussl. They like to stand by the latter better than by the former.

Marriage by wife-capture appertains among the Seminoles. After the parents of the girl have consented to the marriage the young suitor sets a roasted wild turkey or a ham of venison at the door of the maiden's home. If this be acceptable to her, the young brave is sure of his wife provided he can capture her in a fair race at the July corn dance or on some other festive occasion.

After capturing his intended preparations are then made for the wedding. The very simple ceremony involves the bridegroom proceeding in gala attire to the girl's home, there to remain through life as a member of her family.

So the Seminoles still live out their happy life, marrying and giving in marriage, cultivating their crops on the hummocks of the Everglades, dwelling beneath the shade of the pine trees, selling alligators and other skins to the whites, and in return buying bright calicoes and other merchandise brought to the trading post from Ft. Myers. The Seminoles now number about 500 souls and appear to be gradually increasing.—[Living Church.

### NO HELP.

A St. Louis traveling man, making his first trip through North Dakota, woke up one May morning to find the ground white with snow.

"For heaven's sake," he asked the hotel clerk disgustedly, "when do you have summer out in this God-forsaken country?"

"I don't know," replied the clerk. "I have only been here eleven months."—[Success.

### THE GOOD SHIP PURITAN.

When the monitor Puritan was sunk in Chesapeake Bay, a high navy officer called up Secretary of the Navy Meyer, and inquired:

"Mr. Secretary, how's the Puritan?"

"The Puritan," replied Mr. Meyer, "is still as good a ship as any that ever sailed the face of the earth."—[Popular Magazine.

of seal, weighing 1000 pounds. They do not really need protection, nearly all of them being on islands controlled by the Treasury Department. If they would have been exterminated by the skins and whiskers. The remains of sea elephants remains, numbering about 100, off the west coast of Alaska. They are beautiful creatures, survivors of a once mighty race from Santa Barbara, Cal., down the coast of Alaska. They are beautiful creatures, about sixteen feet. Seven live ones are at the Alaska Aquarium.

That the walrus are by no means as has been supposed. Herds of thousands have recently been indicated that the species is increasing. Nevertheless, ruthless dealers are killing them for their valuable animals by whalers has been suffering to many Eskimo, and the walrus largely do upon the flesh of the walrus for light and heat, its skin for boots and sometimes for water-proof clothing. The Biological Survey from now on will be hunting only from May 1 to July 1, and will not be hunting north of the Kuskukwim River, and south of that stream until next year. No one is permitted to kill the beasts at any time of the year.

There is no near to extermination that got to be three dozen of its skins are obtained from Alaska. But these are the most valuable, being worth about \$1000 apiece. The animal is carried on chiefly between the Aleutian Islands, in Central Alaska. The United States have agreed with the high seas, beyond the three-mile limit, the new regulation forbidding the killing of the species until 1920, there seems to be no chance of the species.

The fur-bearing aquatic mammal found in the waters of Alaska is the beaver, which with such vigor that its final extinction has been deferred. Its range covers the Territory except a barren strip along the coast. The natives catch beavers at frequent spots, or shoot them from the shore near the beaver-houses or dams. The animals have been recklessly exterminated. Little attention has been paid to the fur seals, because they are not far from the coast, and their pelts have no market value. Thus today they are on the coast of Alaska, in almost countless places—fortunately for the natives, to whom of immense importance, their flesh and great quantities of winter food, while the seals are prized for boat covers, boot soles, caps, etc. Incidentally, the natives kill and hides with interior tribes for their products.

### "SHORT-CHANGE" ARTIST.

The ticket seller is not a salaried man, but a concession. He pays to the owner, and turns in fifty cents a ticket. When he discovers an opportunity to "hold out," he does so.

He buys the general ticket-selling concession on a commission basis. They must be paid for and that of their employer from whom they may be gained between their actual and the half-dollar per head which is the concession. If these ticket sellers cannot steal, they are a satisfactory sum to the chief of the end of each day, after deducting their cost—he is discharged as an "inefficient" to make such employment profitable is essential. The ticket seller must be a man of ability.

With this neatness and dispatch it becomes a "short-change" artist. These functions are performed by keep crowding, and encourage the purchaser on, as soon as his hand is out. No line is formed. The ticket seller is to be made to act as a "short-change" artist. The change is laid down in the hand of the wicket. If the customer does not retrieve it, all is well. If he yields, he is swept a step aside he loses.

### STARTLING REQUIREMENT.

There are no more interesting mechanical applications than the big watch factories. The watchmakers are kept in readiness to pilot parties of engineers and explain the work of the almost infinite variety of metal into perfect form. One of the factories, noted for its watch operations, might as well advertise at the time of the watch, as they will surely be needed. It is known that the following notice was posted in the shops: "Please Leave All Watches in the Clockroom."—[Manufacturing Jeweler.

Here is a papyrus on which the characters are so badly traced that they are indecipherable. The time of Pharaoh.—[Tut-Bits.



## Marrying Felipe.

A MATRIMONIAL DILEMMA, AND ITS  
HAPPY SOLUTION.

By Lee Bernard McConville.

SENORA GONZALES dragged her two blushing daughters across the outer corridor of the Castanares casa. She was militant and indignant. What Spanish blue blood, whose lineage pointed straight back to the heroic knights and beautiful ladies of old Castille, would not be justly furious at having her two fair daughters rejected by the worthless son and heir of a California hacienda?

"I beg you, do not go away in this angry mood," urged Dona Castanares, grieved that her son had occasioned such a storm.

"Do not beg me, Senora Castanares," cried the excited old lady. "I depart. Adios. I wish you better success in governing your undutiful son. He is unbearable as he is, with his crazy Gringo ideas of marriage, his stubbornness, his lack of courtesy. He is a villain—oh, he is a young devil. Senor Castanares, I wish you joy of him. Adios."

"Indeed, I am sorry," said Senora Castanares, "that my son did not show more interest in your daughters. I assure you he has a peculiar dislike for all young women, and that it was not anything in your Dolores or Valera that displeased him. I have tried every way to interest him in young ladies. But it is no use. He swears he will not marry; so what can I do?"

"Pray do not think I brought my daughters here with the intention of marrying either one of them to that madman. You must not flatter yourself to that extent, Senora Castanares. Adios."

Senora Gonzales bundled her embarrassed girls into the barouche, which had driven up for them. She then addressed a final word to Senora Castanares. "I warn you," she said, "watch your son; he will marry a Gringo and die a heretic." The aggressive Senora flopped heavily into the already sagging vehicle, and was driven away amid a terrible rattle and clatter by a pair of villainous-looking postillions.

The patio and garden of the Castanares casa were the most beautiful things on the hacienda. There the roses and jasmine seemed to grow sweeter and purer for the seclusion. The deep, open corridors breathed the air of fragrance and romance, and the plain stone fountain, flitting its spray, together with rustling noises in the olive trees as of fluttering bird wings, were the only sounds to disturb an almost hallowed silence.

Felipe, the undutiful son, placed a chair for his mother in the patio. She seated herself in silence while her son retreated to his favorite lounging spot, a swing seat constructed of hides. He dropped lazily into his place, pushed out his long legs to their full length and crossed his arms behind his head. "I am all attention for the lecture, madre mia," he said, smiling. "It is more about those señoritas—no?"

Senora Castanares had determined to be severe with her son, and she could never do it in the world if he kept on smiling.

"Felipe, stop that!" she commanded.

"Stop?" questioned Felipe, feigning innocence. "Bien—but what?" Nevertheless he came to respectful attention, that is, drew up his long legs and threw his cigarette into the fountain.

"What?" she repeated forcibly, but in a rich contralto voice that it was impossible for her to raise above the pitch of sweetness. "Senor Felipe, thou knowest well enough what. There thou art smiling in exultation after having offended, nay, driven away, the two most desirable señoritas in San Luis Rey. I need not mention the angry dudgeon into which thou hast plunged their mother. Do not ask me 'What?' thou disgraceful son of a noble father."

She crossed herself in memory of her departed husband. Felipe did the same. Having scolded her son, Senora Castanares turned away and would have re-entered the casa. Felipe sprang to his feet with alacrity, his love for his mother sweeping away all propensity to humor.

"Mother of my soul!" he exclaimed, wrapping her in his arms, "I haven't hurt you?"

She glowered in his love, and her tearful eyes dried in a flash.

"No, no, Felipe," she assured him. "Thou hast not offended me. Thou hast caused me sore disappointment. Why couldst thou not love one of the Señoritas Gonzales? Either would make thee a good wife."

Felipe met this question with a smile. To hide the smile from his mother, he strolled up and down the corridor. Then he spoke bravely of himself and the two little witches, Dolores and Valera, who had tried to captivate him. "It is this way. Since my father died it has been your pious determination to marry me to one of these pretty, fragile mariposas that hover in the trysting places of our haciendas and pueblos seeking what honey they may sip from the lips of amorous caballeros. Is it not so?"

The Dona listened, neither assenting nor objecting.

"In order to trap me into marrying more easily you have invited to our casa the ten loveliest, sweetest-tempered of these mariposas. You thought our hacienda a choice place for them to flutter about?"

"Thou art haranguing me, Felipe," interrupted his mother.

"Attend me, madre mia. I will complete my say," insisted Felipe. He stopped in the middle of his walking, and faced her with a pair of laughing eyes. "Behold me! I will name these ten mariposas. I will tell thee why I rejected them, each and all. There was

Rosa from San Juan Capistrano, an angel, fat and tiny, all sighs and caresses; Mariana, a raposa with black eyes; Inez, from Santa Barbara, who embroidered me a camisa; Pepita, who sang for me like a mockingbird; Carmelita, who rides her father's horses, and cuts timber with her dainty hands; Juanita, a writer of poetry; she speaks the language of the flowers; Casilda, with hair like golden threads of silk or sunlight; Dolores, who has pink ears, and who weeps when she should laugh; Rosa, from San Diego, whose father is rich as Midas; Valera, who is the worst flirt in California. Bien! the Sultan of Turkey has not a better selection of wives than I have here. I am content to love my horses; they are more interesting to me. Mariposas I will leave in the garden to flutter in freedom."

The Dona's anger softened under this fine speech. "Do you mean to wait," she asked, "until you are a withered old man before taking a wife?"

"No, surely not. But I desire a wife of my own choosing. I will have to find a woman I really love. And to please you, querida mia, since you will have me married, tomorrow I will ride to Los Angeles in search of a wife."

Senora Castanares overwhelmed her son with kisses. She thanked heaven at last he had come to his wits.

"Come, now," said Felipe merrily, "let us forget these troublesome butterflies. I will sing thee a song. The poetry is my own. I wrote it this morning when I heard the mockingbirds warbling in the palms. You can, if you will, fancy it a love song I am singing in honor of my wife-to-be."

He went thoughtfully into the casa and returned with his guitar. He touched the strings of the instrument and began the pastorela he had composed himself. He sang very softly and pleadingly, as though already he felt inspired by the spirit of love. Long after the song had ceased, and the evening sun had dropped behind the adobe chimney and further below the red-tiled roof, still the throbbing notes leaped from Felipe's guitar. The shadows of night crept into the patio, into the fragrant corridors, mantling the half-recumbent figure of Senora Castanares asleep with tears of joy in her eyes.

"Caramba! Pescadero! Bolas de Plata! What a beauty!"

Chico, the little vaquero, whose sole task it was to oversee the dozen fine horses reserved to Don Felipe's personal use, cantered a black stallion up before the casa. He gave vent to these and other like exclamations expressive of his satisfaction. Climbing then from the high saddle Chico puffed out his fat cheeks with pride. No one but himself, he would tell you, could make that stallion glisten so after a brushing; no one else could polish the silver trappings on the splendid harness. Having secured Felipe's mount to a ring in the wall of the casa, Chico tramped off to the stables leaving a succession of santos and diablos and carambas in the air.

Don Felipe was to start that morning on his journey to the Pueblo de Los Angeles. By 5 o'clock almost every one about the hacienda, from the vaqueros who had been informed by Chico, to the mestizas in the kitchen, knew that the young heir of Castanares was setting out in quest of a wife.

At last he appeared on the portico with Senora Castanares, who was bidding him good-by. Her eyes shone with happiness. She threw back the silk mantilla that covered her head and showed a face transformed, young and beautiful, as she surveyed her handsome son. Felipe was resplendent in a suit of black velvet, with gold buttons on the jacket and short breeches. The tall gray wool sombrero he wore was encircled by a broad band of silver lace, and the gray serape he carried over his arm had a large black eagle with a snake in its talons woven in the center.

"I think it would be well, my son," hinted the Dona, "when thou art passing through El Toro to visit Senor Mendez at the Rancho de las Tunas. Thou wilt remember having danced with his beautiful daughter only a month ago. She would make thee a charming wife, Felipe."

Felipe pretended to be offended by his mother's suggestion. "Be frightened, madre mia," he exclaimed dramatically. "It was agreed I was to have a wife of my own choosing. Now thou art again selecting her for me as thou didst select the ten mariposas. Behold, I will ride to Los Angeles and woo an old hag, thus to punish thee for plotting against my peace and happiness. I will besiege the heart of Madre Charla—80 and bent to the ground is Madre Charla. I will carry the old raposa away on my horse. Caramba! I will marry the old mestiza who sells tortillas in the Plaza. I will—"

But he could get no further. Senora Castanares interrupted him by a violent fit of sobbing. She would have fallen in a faint had not Felipe caught her in his arms.

"Oh, madre benita," cried the young caballero, "I have killed you. I will go mad. May the fire burn me. I will cast myself to the bulls. Over the barranca I will leap. I am a hundred fools. Dios! madre, you weep, and my heart a sword pierces."

But again, and as had happened time and again, this remarkable scene, with its distracted gestures and boundless tears, ended happily. The two became locked in each other's arms. The mother forgave the son, and the son hummed triumphantly a bit of romantic verse late from his own pen.

Felipe mounted his black stallion, and having assured his mother that he would bring back with him for a wife nothing less than an angel, began his journey.

While Felipe was still quite a way from San Juan

Capistrano and the sun still low, he made giant stilt of his horse's legs, and the events were transpiring that would lead him to search very far for a wife.

Felipe had an uncle in Capistrano who he paid a friendly call while passing through to Los Angeles. This uncle, a doctor, called Don Escobar. It came to pass that he beheld a strange young woman, whom he loved if with the desire to possess her. The age-looking man, with rugged features and a beard, the stranger evidenced some knowledge of the street before the doctor's lawless dwelling, in most respects an owner, finally persuaded himself that he was as gentle as a dove. She spoke to him.

"Senor, I beg thy gracious pardon," he stopped, realizing with a start that he was taking in her torn skirt, her wilder dishevelled appearance.

"Well!" demanded Don Escobar, "what of me?"

"Oh, Senor, be thou good enough to listen to my story. Believe it, strange as it may seem, and reward thee for thy compassion. Thou hast come to thee for assistance in spite of what I heard of thy sternness." She glanced at him, sure, remarked his set countenance, yet his sympathy, and so proceeded to relate her story.

"For two weeks, Senor, I wandered from house in San Diego asking food and shelter from gente de razon. But alas! everywhere I was and driven away—became—became—"

"Speak!" commanded Don Escobar.

"Thou wilt see for thyself. Because I am a hair like a desert witch."

With this she permitted her mantilla to fall from her shoulders. Don Escobar was bewildered, not at the ugly Gorgon head of a witch, but at the beamed face of a young American girl. Her eyes, beautiful in their depth and fullness, gazed at him as he had seen on the petals of a South American rose, and her hair shone in the sunlight as a flame of gold.

"Thou canst speak Spanish very well for a girl," asserted the Don.

"My father was a Spanish merchant in the city. He married an American woman, my mother, and they came to live in San Diego. I was born there. One day, hardly two months old, my father and mother set out on a sea voyage for Mexico. My ship was lost off San Blas, and that was the end of my parents. When trouble came with the Mexicans, the Mexican family with which I had been living, cursed me for a Gringo and turned me out to starve. Since then I have had no home. I started for Los Angeles, and hearing in Capistrano that there was a kind man, though stern, I came to thee for drink, as I am very hungry, Senor."

"What is thy name, Senorita?"

"Conchita de Leon."

"Bastanta! It is enough," he exclaimed, his hand so like a military salute that Conchita consciously returned it. "I believe thee, Conchita."

Removing his sombrero, an act of courtesy with the Don, since he had little to do with women, never doffed his hat to any man but the priest, the way through a narrow pass-like entrance to the patio. It was a tiny court with a couple of orange and rose bushes in bloom. There was a table with papers, some tobacco in the trough as it came from Cuba, a book or two, and a pistol. At the invitation, Conchita placed herself by the table, left her then as silently as he had accompanied her. Soon an old squaw glided in to clear the table, and with a nice white cloth and dishes.

Meanwhile Conchita's shyness had vanished, examined with curiosity the various weapons, armor and trophies that decorated the table. Hunger and thirst appeased by the pleasant food the squaw brought her, she forgot the table and patch of violets whose brightness and fragrance attracted her attention. They appeared to her well under the rough care given them by the old house. But blooming unseen in that confinement, no doubt they appreciated being brought the light of this maiden's luminous eyes, as she experienced a sort of sensitive pleasure in looking by her velvet hands.

When Don Escobar returned, he found her at the fountain, plaiting violets in a small bowl, something plaintive about "faded flowers" he picked up at his grave face she took alarm in his beckoned her to approach, and when she obeyed, he laid before her on the table the following strange objects: A silver-mounted old Spanish pattern, a small dagger, a pair of gloves, in lay, lastly, an embroidered bolero with the suggestive tinkle of gold.

"Behold, Senorita, I give thee what thou needest—a pistol for marauders, a dagger for the first fall, a purse from which to supply thyself. There is also a horse at the gate. Mount and go by the yellow road to the Hacienda de San Juan. Tell her what thou hast told me, and bid her Escobar sends thee with his blessing. Adios, Conchita." He left then and there, leaving a military gait, with never a change in his features.



Ames's children never did have any 'get up and go' to them. And this is the girl you married," she went on, whirling about and surveying the young girl. "Pleasant appearing and good even front teeth, even if she is too young for you to have taken. What's her name? I hope it isn't anything dime-novelly that'll turn me sick at my stomach every time I have to speak it.

"Her name is Jane," said Marvin shortly, as he picked up the suit cases and they started down the street together.

"There now, Marvin," broke in Aunt Abigail, "you go out in the kitchen and you'll find a pitcher of milk on the kitchen table and a saucer. I want you to feed the cat—I forgot it racing off after you in such a hurry, and I'll take Jane—I'm mighty thankful her name is Jane—up to bed. I've got it all ready for her, and then I'll come down and make her some sage tea."

"But I don't want to go to bed," protested Jane. "I'm not sick."

"But you're tired out, poor thing. You must be," firmly answered Aunt Abigail. "Getting married and riding on the steam cars, all in one day, is enough to upset any one. Marvin, run along and feed that cat."

Aunt Abigail marched her unwilling guest up the narrow little stairway. "I don't dare say anything," Marvin found time to whisper, as his aunt turned back for a moment. There's a dark closet under the stairs, and I'm afraid she'll shut me up in it if I make any fuss."

"Never mind," Jane whispered back, her sunny disposition shining through the momentary annoyance. "She's doing it out of the goodness of her heart, poor soul—and we have all day tomorrow and the next day."

"Now, then," began Aunt Abigail briskly, coming into the kitchen a few minutes later, where she found Marvin disconsolately feeding the cat, "you and I will have our supper just as soon as I carry a bowl of bread and milk upstairs to Jane, and then I'll milk, and then I'll visit with you. I must say I never expected one of Marilla Ames's children to have sense enough to pick out a wife like that. It's a mystery to me how she ever came to take you—such a fine girl as Jane is."

"It's a mystery to me, too," fervently ejaculated Marvin. "Aunt Abigail, please let her go up so we can walk-out through the woods to Indian Rock and watch the sunset." Marvin was pleading as if he were five years old.

"Indian Rock nothing!" scoffed Aunt Abigail. "Do you think I'd let you two young things go traipsing off through the woods, catching your death colds this time of night, with the dew falling after sundown? No, indeed. I've taken a mighty liking to Jane, and I'm going to take care of her like she was my own child all the while you're here, and I'm going to will her my wreath of hair flowers in that frame under glass in the parlor."

"My land! You're awful glum!" remarked Aunt Abigail. "Reckon you take that from your father's side. Marilla would have talked if she knew she'd be hung for it the next day. It was constitutional with her."

After supper Aunt Abigail went out to milk the three cows. She told Marvin that he might take a bail of twine an d tie up the sweet peas under the parlor window. As soon as she had gone, Marvin went out into the yard. "Jane," he called softly, and Jane's curly head appeared over the top of the low sill. "She's milking," he went on whispering, "and she'll be gone half an hour anyway. Come on, and we'll walk down the road to the brook. That's just as good as Indian Rock, as far as the sunset goes."

"All right. Wait two seconds," came the answer, and in a few moments Jane scurried down the stairs and out on the little porch.

"I had begun to think I was grown up," giggled Jane, as Marvin caught her hand and they ran along the country road under the great maple trees, "but doesn't this make you think you are about five-years old? I really do wonder what she would do if she should catch us."

"Shut us up in the attic and feed us on bread and water," promptly answered Marvin. "Isn't this great, Jane?" They had reached the bridge and both sat down on the big log that served as a protection at one side. The pink clouds in the sky above were reflected in the still water below them. Great damp clumps of ferns grew down to the water's edge.

"Don't you wish we could stay here forever?" asked Jane with a sigh at the loveliness of it all.

"I certainly do," answered Marvin. "If ever two people that wanted to be by themselves were persecuted it's you and I. We can stay in this idyllic spot until I see Aunt Abigail turn the cows into the pasture, and then we have to run."

"But I love her," defended Jane. "She's a dear."

"There go the cows," shouted Marvin, and a moment later he and Jane were running along the road. Aunt Abigail, however, was a more rapid worker than they had expected. As they turned in the gate they could see her lighting the lamp on the table in the parlor. One was obliged to go directly past the open parlor door to reach the stairs.

"We'll have to face the music," laughed Marvin, but his wife looked at the wide spreading old apple tree that stood by the window.

"I haven't climbed one since I was twelve years old," she whispered excitedly. "I'm going up this way." And in another moment she was scrambling up among the branches. Just as she disappeared inside the window, the voice of Aunt Abigail came sharply through the stillness.

"Marvin, haven't you got those posy peas tied up yet? Come on in and wash your hands, and then you can look at the album and visit with me while I knit."

And Marvin answered meekly:

"Yes, Aunt Abigail, I will."



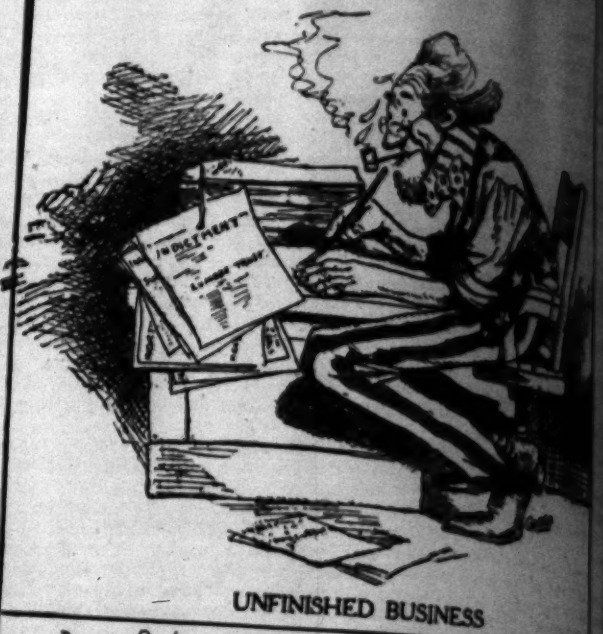
# Some Leading Cartoons of the Day.

## BROILED LIVE LOBSTER

By MORGAN



Philadelphia Inquirer



UNFINISHED BUSINESS

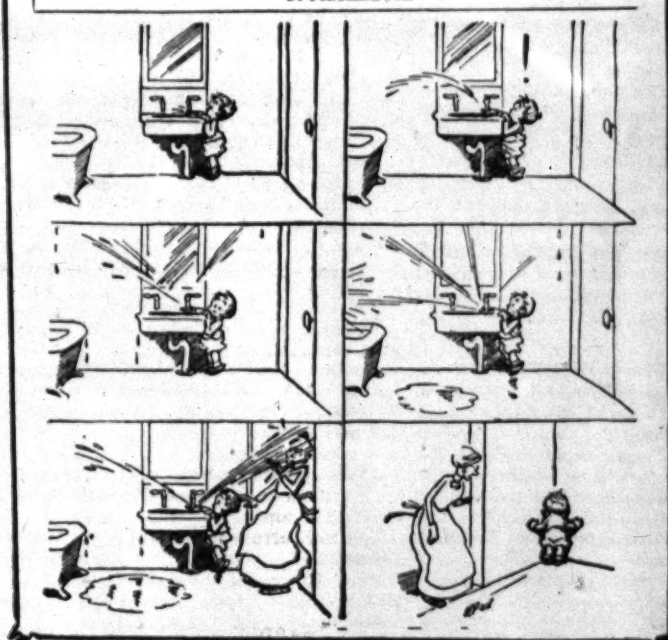
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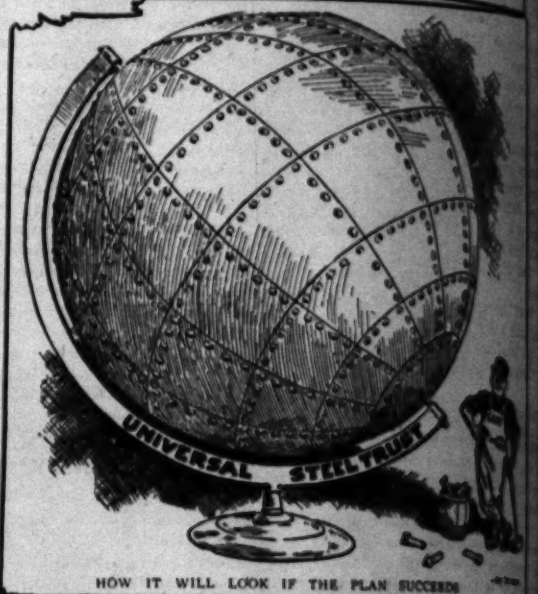
Cleveland Plain Dealer

## The Remarkable Discoveries of Thomas Edison, Jr.

By FONTAINE FOX



Chicago Post.



HOW IT WILL LOOK IF THE PLAN SUCCEEDS

Philadelphia Inquirer

## The Inattention of Some People.



St. Louis Globe-Democrat



## Good Short Stories.

ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM  
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

RAYNER, the wit of the Senate, told at Baltimore a story of the South.

"He said, 'was surprised,' during the number of Tallaferos he found in the South, lawyers, undertakers, clothiers—Tallaferos. The Northerner put up in a hotel at Tallaferos, and, if he had a Tallafero sold it to him.

"He understood it at all—till one day, in a splendid country, he saw a tremendous inscription, 'Tallafero Company.'

"He said, 'if they don't turn them out by now, they'll be here in a few years.'

A diplomat, dressed in brocaded silk, was at a dance beside a fountain with a Bar Mar-

"My dress is pretty, and one queer thing about it is that it has no buttons—only knots and

"He said, 'Short cords, each with a knot on the other side a knothole, or, as you call it, a button-hole. That is simpler than buttons. Do you wear pajamas? Yes? Then

"He said, 'I have that what I say is so.'

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"He said, 'I have that what I say is so.'

"He said, 'I have that what I say is so.'

But Ah Sin at last grew careless, he did not study diligently enough; and so one fine day our little convert supplanted him.

"Our convert's face expressed the triumph he felt, while Ah Sin's tear-dimmed eye expressed an opposite emotion. But our convert made no move toward taking the seat of honor he had won, and, when urged to go forward, gently refused, saying:

"No; me not go. Me not make Ah Sin's heart sorry."

## Out of a Babe's Mouth.

DR. KENYON L. BUTTERFIELD, president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, said at a Republican banquet at White River Junction:

"In politics we must be straightforward. On the tariff question, the labor question, the trust question, we must be open and above board. Any inconsistency or crawling will be visited on our heads a thousandfold. Yes, even out of the mouths of babes shall we be condemned."

Dr. Butterfield smiled.

"Like the rich uncle," he resumed. "A rich uncle of the rosy-gilled type was riding his little niece on his knee when the child lisped.

"Uncle, how long does a person live?"

"Threescore years and ten, my dear, is our Scriptural allotment," he replied piously.

"Then you," said the pretty little girl, "will live to be 140, won't you?"

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Why should you think that, pet?"

"Because," said she, "I heard mamma and papa say that you were leading a double life."

## A Warning.

DR. ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN, the new chancellor of New York University, was talking in Washington about his desire for a larger and deeper study of the arts in American colleges.

"In youth," said Dr. Brown, "the taste is formed; and it will be a taste for fine and beautiful things, or else it will be a taste for tawdry and false things. Without great care it will be a taste of the latter sort. Let us be warned by the anecdote of the little Klantone boy.

"This little boy was taken, one summer day, to the circus for the first time.

"Well, dear, how did you like it?" his mother asked on his return.

"His eyes widened, and he answered with earnest and grave enthusiasm:

"Mamma, if you once went to the circus, you'd never, never consent to go to church again in all your life."

## The Selfish Cook.

JUDGE E. H. GARY, at a dinner in Washington, said that the successful man's work was always, to a certain extent, unselfish.

"I mean," he explained, "that the successful man shows in his work none of the spirit evinced by a certain Wheaton cook.

"This cook, on a hot afternoon, was making a frozen custard. She slapped her ingredients together with such carelessness that a kitchen-maid said:

"You're certainly not giving much attention to that custard, cook!"

"Why should I?" the cook answered. "They never leave any for us."

## The Perilous Years.

JUSTICE FORD of New York was discussing his famous dictum—"In my opinion it takes about five years for the ordinary couple to learn to overlook each other's faults."

Justice Ford, elaborating this dictum, said:

"After five years of marriage a spirit of gentleness and loving kindness manifests itself. But in the first two or three years a spirit of the bitterest disillusion prevails.

"This bitter spirit was well illustrated in a dialogue wherein a young wife sobbed:

"And you used to say that you could hear the rustle of angels' wings whenever I drew near you!"

"But I've found out now," the husband sneered, "that the sound was only the creaking of your broken corset bones."

## Alike Fatal.

THOMAS MORAN, the veteran landscape painter, has devoted his life to the delineation of the Rockies and Sierras.

Mr. Moran, on his return on the Minnetonka from Switzerland, said to a reporter:

"The Alps are nothing compared to the Rockies. He who, after seeing the Rockies, should go to the Alps, would suffer the bitter disappointment of the sanitary engineer in Venice.

"See Naples," remarked the engineer, "and die. Smell Venice—same result."

## First of the Season.

MRS. RONALD H. BARLOW, the eastern golf champion, was talking at the Cape May Golf Club about the benefits of sea air.

"To look at the cottagers and natives of Cape May," she said, "speaks of these benefits more eloquently than I could do. How pale and wan seem city people beside these brown, supple, vigorous men and women.

"An excursionist from the city," she resumed, "said to a fisherman on the beach the other morning:

"Do you have many wrecks here?"

The fisherman looked contemptuously at the city man, who was in bathing dress. He looked contemptuously at his hollow chest and white, thin legs and arms, and then he replied:

"You're the first I've seen this season."

## A Bit Brutal.

THEODORE P. SHONTS, at a dinner in New York, said of the subway fight:

"At least this fight has been conducted with politeness and gentleness and refinement. There has been none of that brutality about it which used to be imputed to Cecil Rhodes.

"I heard, just recently, a story of Rhodes's brutality. He was entertaining some guests at Groote Schuur, and after luncheon he took them over the grounds, pointing out to them a son of Lobengula's, who was one of his gardeners.

"This led naturally to a talk about the Matabele rebellion, and a visitor asked Mr. Rhodes when it took place.

"Rhodes scratched his head, then beckoned the young native to his side.

"Look here," he said, "in what year did I kill your father?"

## No Language Lover.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON, the well-known poet and editor, declared at the University of New York's commencement that New York as a literary center was ridiculous—that nowhere in this county was poetry more appreciated than in Boston, and nowhere less than in New York.

"In fact," said Mr. Johnson afterward, "New York's love of poetry is about equal to the Earlham College boy's love of languages.

"In my sophomore year at Earlham this lad was visited by his mother.

"Well, my dear," she said to him, "what languages have you decided to take up here?"

"I have decided to take up Pictish," he replied.

"Pictish?" said his puzzled mother. "Why Pictish?"

"Only five words of it remain," said he.

## All For Effect.

"POOR CARRIE NATION," said a Leavenworth editor, "had many a story to back up her claim that men drink not for the taste, but for the effect alone—that they all drink like the Chinaman who said, 'Me no drinker for drinker, me drinker for drunkee.'"

"One of Mrs. Nation's stories was about a Nola Chucky hackman. An angler, as he rode toward the Nola Chucky canal in a 'ek, unscrewed the glass from the bottom of his flask, filled it and ; it to the hackman.

"The hackman tossed off the drink and returned the empty glass.

"That's good whisky, Wash, isn't it?" said the angler.

"Wall, sah," the hackman chuckled, as he wiped his lips with the sleeve of his ragged coat, "too tell yo' the truth, sah, Ah clean fo'got to taste it!"

## Knew How to Fish.

"IS there not a hymn," asked Henry Miller, playing now in "The Havoc," "called 'Bait Up the Life Line'?" No? Well, there should be. I intend to speak to my preacher friend about it. The other day he went out trout fishing, accompanied by two ladies. A farmer, who was also out fishing, called to the clergyman:

"Ketchin' many trout, sonny?"

"I am a fisher of men," said my young friend, with mock dignity.

"Wal, I see you've got the right bait," drawled the farmer.—[Young's Magazine.

## The Futility of Cynicism.

"THE cynic," said Dr. J. H. Jowett, as he paced the deck of the Adriatic, "seems to me as foolish and wrong-headed as the schoolboy who refused to play during the recess hour.

"As this boy sat with a discontented look on a hard, stiff bench, a comrade said:

"Why aren't you playing, Jack?"

"Jack frowned contemptuously.

"Catch me playing!" he said. "If I played the recess hour would go too fast."

## It Often Happens.

"I AM very glad our illegal trusts are being taken in hand," said Senator La Follette at a dinner in Madison. "A trust is so impersonal, you see, it breaks the law and you can't jail it.

"A trust, in fact, is like a slot machine. One day I saw a little boy weeping bitterly before a slot machine that was out of order. A policeman appeared, and the boy said to him.

"Mister, arrest this machine! It's robbed me of a nickel!"

## A Type.

CAPT. HARDRESS LLOYD, of the British polo team, described, at a luncheon at Tuxedo, the typical young British officer.

"A typical British officer," he said, "was one who, quartered for two years in Cairo, never got out to see the Pyramids.

"You see," he explained, "what with polo and parties and cricket and bridge, I never had, my dear fellow, a minute to myself."



# The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds

## ROSE NOTES.

### SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE CULTURE OF THIS FLOWER.

By Ernest Branton.

**R**OSSES are not very interesting plants to our people just at present, for at no time in the year do we have fewer fine blossoms. Most of our rose bushes are now taking a much-deserved rest and continue to allow it, following the lines of least resistance. Up in Oregon, the finest rose-growing section of North America, they take cuttings from half-ripened wood, with the foliage on, and have better success than do we who wait for autumn and hard wood. There seems to be no good reason why we should not grow them in July as well as the Oregonian. They take off little side shoots, cut off the tender tip and use the piece which came off close to the parent stem, to the extent of three eyes or buds. These are put in a box of pure sand deep enough so that it will be four to six inches from top of the box to the sand. Place the box on north side of the house and cover with a pane of glass. Take off the glass once a day and wipe or wash clean on the under side. Keep the sand damp, but not wet. In about forty days you will have rooted plants ready to "pot off."

Roses of different classes will not all thrive equally well in the same soil. Tea roses do better in a rather light soil where hybrid perpetuals would starve. There is no question but the latter class likes a stiff soil of a decided clayey nature. But with this clay is needed good drainage, and as a rule our clay soils become stiffer as we descend until several feet have been thrown out. For best results we should either excavate to gravel or

ing bulbs get the best-named sorts; they require no more room or care, than poor bulbs and one were better with a dozen good ones than three dozen that are far from pleasing.

#### Poisoning Ground Squirrels and Gophers.

**W**HERE one does not care to trap or has no success in catching gophers or ground squirrels in this manner, the following poison will be found satisfactory: Rolled oats, three quarts; pulverized strychnia, one-eighth ounce; one tablespoon of sugar and one quart of water. The strychnia and the sugar should be first added to the water and then mixed with the oats until a thick dough-like mass is obtained. Do not handle this mixture with bare hands, but distribute in the holes or runs with a spoon or paddle. Do not leave on top of ground for it will be readily eaten by birds, poultry, and some domestic animals, and it will prove as deadly to them or children as it will to gophers and squirrels.

#### Summer Care of Trees.

**N**OTHING can take the place of clean culture for trees. Surface watering is worse than no water, and grass and weeds will permanently injure, if not kill, newly-transplanted trees. If cultivation with horse tools is possible this is the best and most economical way to care for them. If this is not possible then hand raking and hoeing is the next best thing. If the trees stand alone on a lawn or park that is frequently watered it is best to keep the grass from growing closer than five or six feet and mulch this area with well-rotted manure. By applying water to this mulch the ground cannot dry out and bake, the mulch serving the purpose of holding the moisture and

single species produces, depending upon the size of the tree and the conditions under which it is grown. The term "red fir" is applied to trees which are mature, colored wood; the term "yellow fir" applies to trees which are of mature age and whose wood is brownish yellow in color, rather soft, and easily worked.

#### HUSTLED FOR THEMSELVES.

Dr. John T. M. Johnston, president of the Reserve Bank of Kansas City, at a recent meeting of the directors of that bank arose and asked that one present who had begun business with a capital of \$10,000 stand up. There were twenty-five directors in the room, and their wealth would amount to about \$20,000,000. Not a man of the twenty-five stood up.

Dr. Johnston then put another proposition. "Each man of you who had \$1000 with which to begin business stand up."

The twenty-five directors looked around at one another but not one of them stood up.

"Each of you who had \$1000 stand up," persisted Dr. Johnston.

The directors looked at each other and laughed, but none of them arose.

Dr. Johnston kept putting the proposition, lowering the amount by \$100 each time, and when he got down to \$150 one of the directors stood up and said that was the amount of his capital when he began business.

The majority of the others began without a dollar. Dr. Johnston himself, estimated to be worth well toward a half-million dollars, began his business career without even a pair of shoes.—[Oklahoma City Times]

#### THE EARTH'S CORE.

At a meeting of the Seismological Association at the Hague Prof. Weichert asserted that his studies of the varying velocity of earthquake tremors passing through the interior of the globe led to the conclusion that the earth consists of a central core of iron or steel 5580 miles in diameter surrounded with a layer of 930 miles in thickness.

Between the outer solid ring and the inner solid rock covering the metallic core he thinks there is a layer of liquid or plastic material lying a little less than twenty miles below the surface of the earth.—[Scientific American]



DESERT MESQUITE COVERED WITH MISTLETOE.

put in drains with tiles or gravel, or both at no less than three feet from the surface. Having a stiff clay-like soil does not mean that it shall be so at the surface. The top, which you work, may be as full of stable manure as you can get it down to the depth you spade or fork. When this top soil is so full of decayed or decaying organic matter that it is as friable (almost) as corn meal, you have ideal physical condition in your rose-bed soil. A heavy mulch of stable manure during summer will keep the soil cool and prevent weeds from growing; also enabling one to get into the rose bed for flowers when the soil is real wet.

#### Reserve Space for Daffodils.

**T**HOUGH it is rather early to consider narcissus or daffodils, it is not too soon to think about reserving space for them and get the soil into proper texture, with plant food suitable for bulbs of this class. Daffodils may be planted from the beginning of October up to January, but for best results on the average the bulbs should all be in the ground before the first day of November and should be put down about twice the depth of the bulb beneath the surface.

Narcissus enjoy rich, loose and deep soils, but cannot bear fresh stable manure. Therefore begin now by spading in a liberal quantity of thoroughly decayed barnyard manure that is considered to have been well rotted. There will be time enough before the planting season to turn it over several times, to make sure of thorough mixture. After the bulbs have started to grow, bone meal may be fed by top dressing, and it is far better to rely on this than work manure in the soil just before planting. A soil which was richly manured last year and grew a crop of some other plant is an ideal soil for narcissus. While some kinds are fond of a damp soil, none of them will do well in stagnant soils, therefore under drainage should be good. When buy-

adding fertility. Once or twice during the summer the mulch should be raked off and the soil forked over or spaded up thoroughly and then raked down again and the mulch put back. This is to make plant food available and keep the soil from becoming hard.

#### Seed-eating Rodents.

**O**NE of the most serious problems connected with the reforestation of treeless areas is the protection of newly-planted seeds from the attacks of mice, chipmunks, ground squirrels, and other rodents, whose depredations collectively continue the year through. The extent of this damage may be understood by the results of a reforestation experiment in the Black Hills by the forest service, in which from 30 to 70 per cent. of the seed was destroyed by chipmunks and mice within six days after planting.

#### Douglas Fir or Oregon Pine.

**O**NE species of the tree from which we get the famous Oregon pine lumber grows but a few miles from Los Angeles (*Pseudotsuga macrocarpa*) which is generally known locally as "Douglas spruce," though a fir, Douglas fir (*Pseudotsuga taxifolia*) has a number of common names by which it is known in the Pacific Northwest—Douglas fir, red fir, yellow fir, Douglas spruce, or simply fir. In commerce it is also called Oregon pine, red pine, Puget Sound pine, Washington fir, or British Columbia pine. Of all these names, Douglas fir, the one adopted by the forest service after a lumber census in which this name was used more than all other names combined, is the most satisfactory, being absolutely distinctive and covering various forms of the tree which are known by local names. The terms "red fir" and "yellow fir" are often used to distinguish between two fairly distinct forms of wood which this



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**FREE NOTES.**

MEETING AT THE RECENT  
MEETINGS.

...the having conferences or conventions  
...street and roadside trees we are com-  
...the fine architecture, in a very broad belt,  
...trees are. Closely following the street  
...Los Angeles came the second simi-  
...of the Southern California Arboricul-  
...at Pomona, July 12, 1911. In each of  
...the leading municipalities from Redlands  
...city represented by tree wardens, park  
...on. Every delegate present at the  
...took part in the proceedings, so  
...brought out all points for or  
...street trees and the manner of

...in places where the pepper tree has  
...it is most appreciated and from such  
...the most spirited defense when its spo  
...has been questioned. In other centers of popu  
...Southern California the blackwood  
...seems to be the leader, and  
...has been tried for many years and not found  
...to have so many good points in its favor that  
...to overlook the very poor shade of green  
...the not very showy blossoms. One  
...of this tree, when left to its natu  
...is in lack of spread compared with the  
...the growth. This natural shape is  
...relative to people of taste, but is now  
...municipal control is had, by cut  
...who planted two or three years.

**D**URING the transformation of Central Park from a town square containing the ever-present band stand and traversed by numerous meandering cow paths into a simple, yet dignified city square of classic architectural finish the writer has been asked by hundreds his opinion of the change. These requests have been through personal approach, telephone, post card, and letter, and to all of them, including employees of the park department, the same answer has been returned. "Wait until it is finished." Finished it is, and the writer's opinion of the change may be found in the opening sentence of this article.

At the formal opening, in discussing the old and the new, Commissioner H. W. O'Melveny said: "We (the Park Commission) are not to be credited with the beauty, architectural style and completeness, or the efficiency or sufficiency of the park to satisfy the whole public. We only recognized a 'good thing' when the plan of it was submitted to us, the credit belongs to John Parkinson." The universal commendation of this architect's work in formal gardening leads the writer to suspect it may have been transmitted in the blood. In London, England, there lived a few centuries back a John Parkinson who was a recognized genius in garden work and the plants for such use. He was one of our earliest successful plant breeders, and in the year 1629 published a book on the subject in which he says of his gilliflowers: "You must understand withall, that those plants that beare double flowers, doe beare no seed at all . . . but the onely way to have double flowers anye year is to save the seedes of those plants of this kinde that beare single flowers, for from that seede will rise some that will beare single, and some

healthy trees are often encouraged to make vigorous growths by judicious pruning, in connection, of course, with other proper care. Open-headed trees may be made to grow more compact by heading in, while a gradual thinning-out of the inner branches corrects trees with too dense or compact heads. Likewise those that are non-symmetrical can be worked into symmetrical trees by removing the abnormal parts, though such treatment is more effective in the earlier training of the trees.

### Trees at School.

**T**REE-STUDY and tree-growing comprise a special phase of nature-study and gardening. Gardening is one kind of manual work that is possible in some degree for every school. Moreover it is found to offer the most in interest, opportunity and educational value of all manual work when properly conducted, while it can be correlated with most of the other studies to a great advantage. Children have studied about trees in school for years. As a part of nature-study the work with trees has been largely confined to practice in identification and to observation of life histories, together with stories about trees in lower grades, and, rarely, elementary forestry from books and bulletins in upper grades. This is good as far as it goes, but it lacks the one thing essential to vital teaching. Boys and girls should learn to grow trees. Then they will have a sound basis for intelligent appreciation of the economic importance of trees.

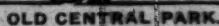
**NOT WHAT HE WANTED.**

Walter: Table d'hote, sir?

Diner: What's a tabledote?

Walter: Course dinner, sir.

Diner: Not for me. I have all the course grub I need at home, and when I get to town I want somethin' a bit fancy.—[Titi-Bits.



As the blackwood becomes a handsome  
magnificent tree.

On this subject it is well to ask the grower to call this tree by its proper common name, the enduring name of black wattle, which is the black wattle (*Acacia decurrens*), a Latinized Greek for blackwood. In its native tree is found only in the deep, rich soil of river bottoms. It has, however, a taprooting root system, so that in permanent soil it therefore becomes with its shallow one, though not as much so as other trees with us. It is very intolerant of hard soil, though such an impervious strata is several feet below the surface, when in age the roots of the tree reach it the tree slowly dies. A good example of this could have been seen, some years ago, during a row of these trees on the H. N. Bank Pasadena. At one end the hard soil was on the surface and at the other was several feet below the surface, covering a score altogether. The tree died, beginning at the end with shallow soil. A few were left Edward H. Rust, the horticulturist, took them out and had the old trees turned into lumber and on into finished wood with markings which for beauty is unsurpassed. The black wattle is a shallow-rooted tree, but may be made to thrive by cutting its roots. It is, nevertheless, a splendid reclamation tree. A few years ago our State University was accused of the behavior of trees on the steep Berkeley hills, Charles Howard was the author. It was stated that the black wattle (*decurrens*) proved more drought-resistant than the acacias planted near by. *Acacia saligna* is a variety mollis of the last variety, slow-growing, short-lived form with a large thorn. It should not be confounded with the black wattle, which has the same in appearance when it is a young tree in every respect and a splendid tree for streets or gardens.

double flowers." The book was a large one, containing several hundred pages, and was called "Paradisus Terrestis." To return to our new Central Square, it places the writer as a whole very much. It is so much superior to the old park, in every way, as to make the two difficult of comparison. A new planting of trees, gradually replacing the old ones, a change involving many years, is all that is now needed to bring the whole park up to a high standard.

### School Gardens a First Step.

GARDEN work has well been called a fundamental prerequisite to real nature study. Much of the nature-teaching can be done in connection with the garden. It may prepare for and grow out of the gardening processes and experience. Moreover, the garden offers the best opportunity to start nature study. It is definite and of necessity brings the child into touch with natural objects and forces. It should be the center from which radiate various lines of work. Instead of insects, birds, weeds, soils, etc., as isolated topics, they should be taken up in connection with the plants with which they are biologically and economically related. At the same time the garden work can be correlated with all the regular subjects. Best of all it makes for character building through emphasis of individual responsibility and practical ethics.

### Pruning\*Shade Trees.

It is justifiable at times to resort to topping in the case of shade trees to induce a denser growth, or where trees have become too tall to be in harmony with their surroundings, though this latter condition is not common in our region of extremely strong light, and sometimes scant supply of plant food. Such pruning, however, should be done with deliberation as to effects desired. Dead or unhealthy branches, or those broken by storms, should be removed speedily, and if necessary the remaining top or crown reduced sufficiently to insure reasonable uniformity later. Slow-growing or un-

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## LANDSCAPE DESIGN AND GARDEN CONSTRUCTION

**Louis F. Horner, 345 S. Main St. A2480**







## California.

FROM PAGE 107.)

South of Calamabue wash, scores of bees were seen hovering about a canvas water cooler, thirstily sucking the moisture over the sun-baked, cactus-grown soil. The bees were from the hills, where they had been using burning beeswax and honey to find many nests in the rocks of the ciria, and thus kept him well supplied.

## Never Drink Water.

Life of all Lower California is that of Southern California. Only a single land mammal, all in the peninsula, appear to be derived from well-known species of the Mexican mainland. All the mammals, though they have been isolated, develop numerous geographic peculiarities.

Amongst the great differences of the fauna, in which are numerous peculiarities to this region. The small desert mammals, such as rabbits, kangaroo rats, and others. During periods vast numbers of these small mammals, owing to the failure of the succulent and seed-bearing herbs, or three years of renewed rainfall, the desert again swarms with these small folk.

They live and thrive on dry vegetation in places where the heat is so oppressive without ever touching their water. It has even been found impossible to take water in captivity. Apparently they know the thirst or the delight of quenching.

such as rabbits and deer, also feed by eating the succulent parts of the desert plants.

They know how to find.

to solitary water holes, in the desert, a long march from any other water, is made earth about their borders undisturbed except those of birds, while within a few miles where wandering deer and rabbits are found with absolute indifference to water. The ability to do without water appears to be peculiar to rodents and mammals, since we found no species far from accessible water.

with large ears and bodies not that of a cat, occur on the larger part of the peninsula. They live in burrows and away from home by day are very shy.

As danger approaches to the nearest bush, tuft of grass, or object breaking the surface and sink to ground beside it, and although they are almost certain to escape before they reach shelter. When impossible they are up and off like a cat, and graceful are their movements as they cross the plains like a yellow.

In the Magdalena plains the cowboys hunt coyotes for sport; but when I suggest it on one of these foxes, they said that they might as well try to

sheep, mule deer, and mountain sheep, large game animals on the peninsula, formerly occupied all the plains, but now to a small number in a few localities, there is little hope of saving them from extinction. Deer are still numerous in many parts of the peninsula, but the mountain lion will outlast other large mammals.

Sheep.

sheep discovered in America were in the early writings of the Spanish missionaries in Lower California. There are numerous sheep in the old and new worlds, and their homes about high and rugged crests rising above the coniferous forests, where they live amid arctic conditions. Among the mountain sheep, these common conditions of life are occupied the low desert ranges, and extend from sea level up to 4000 or 5000 feet, always below the lower limit of the coniferous forest which adorn the upper levels of the peninsula.

temperatures are commonly much higher in the shade, and the desert have a scanty growth of cactuses, and other strictly desert plants. They go to water when available in the desert, but are able to exist for considerable periods in hot weather, on the moisture

obtained from the fleshy yucca cactus, the tender flowers and flower stalks of agaves and yuccas, and from other water-storing desert plants.

During the last few years numerous American sportsmen have hunted these sheep in the barren mountains in the northeastern part of the peninsula. During this period the sheep have decreased considerably in numbers, mainly, however, through indiscriminate slaughter by native hunters for the purpose of supplying meat to mining camps. Unless this kind of hunting can be rigorously suppressed and other hunting controlled, these splendid game animals are doomed to certain and early extermination.

## The Hydrophobia Skunk.

In addition to the mammals already mentioned, wild cats, badgers, spotted skunks, raccoons, coyotes, and another kind of fox make their homes on the desert.

The spotted skunk, or hydrophobia skunk, as it is commonly called, is most abundant in the extreme southern end of the peninsula, where it is looked upon with fear and abhorrence, owing to its habit of biting people in the face while they are sleeping on the ground and the reputed commonly resulting death of the victim. The fear of these animals extends throughout the peninsula, and we were warned of the danger from them when we were preparing for the trip.

When we were at the village of Cape San Lucas, the first of January, one of the villagers brought me the body of one of the skunks, which had entered the open door of his house the preceding night and bitten his little girl through the lip. The child was brought to me the next day and the two marks where the skunk's canines had pierced the lip were already healing without inflammation. I have no further knowledge of the outcome in this case, but was told of the death of one of the men of the village the previous year from a similar bite.

## Friendly Quail and Ravenous Gulls.

Doves and California valley quail were numerous the entire length of the peninsula, their presence always indicating the vicinity of permanent water. One of the most attractive sights about our camps at desert water holes was the trooping in of these birds to drink. They were so unaccustomed to man and his ways that they were entirely unafraid, and after drinking the quail stood quietly preening their plumage, or moved carelessly about, uttering little subdued call notes to one another.

Hawks, woodpeckers, jays, ravens, fly catchers, cardinals, mocking birds, cactus wrens, and other small birds enlivened the desert and were abundant about some of the cultivated oases. A desert thrasher was abundant in the yucca forest near Santo Domingo Landing, and in early morning and evening charmed us by its exquisitely musical notes.

On San Martin Island, near San Quintin, in July, we found many cormorants breeding, with some families of young in the nests. While we wandered over the island we were accompanied by a low-flying escort of western gulls.

Whenever a cormorant, alarmed by our approach, flew away, the gulls swooped down on the exposed eggs and ate them at once; or, if we were too near, each gull transfixed an egg on its beak and flew away, draining the contents as it went. On two occasions I saw gulls alight on nests and calmly pick up young cormorants weighing five or six ounces each and swallow them entire, the helpless victims being swallowed head foremost, their feet waving despairingly from the gull's widely spread beaks as they disappeared.

## The California Condor.

While at La Grulla Meadow, in the San Pedro Martin Mountains, we were fortunate enough to secure our first California condor, a huge bird, sometimes measuring nearly eleven feet across its outspread wings. We afterward saw others and had a most enjoyable experience watching a dozen or more of them in superb flight as they swept back and forth over the pine forest or soared up and disappeared in the blue sky. When these birds were perching on a dead tree the turkey buzzards near them looked like pygmies.

The natives formerly cut off the large hollow bases of the quill feathers of these gigantic birds, and fitting them with stoppers, used them for carrying fine gold at the placer mines.

Owing to its desert character, the peninsula is thinly populated and enormous areas remain uninhabited. The most populous section was the region south of La Paz, where rains are more regular than farther north. A few small towns and widely-scattered small communities along the coast, with a limited number of villages, ranches, and miners' camps in the interior, cover the population. That repeated unsuccessful and usually ill-advised efforts have been made to conquer the desert was evidenced by the many deserted and ruined ranch houses we passed on our route.

The tale of unbroken failure of the efforts made during the last fifty years to establish agricultural colonies in Lower California is sufficient evidence of the stern desert conditions which prevail. A few propitious rainy years have encouraged visions of success, but the succeeding rainless years have brought disaster with them.

In addition to climatic discouragements, the early missionaries encountered other troubles, for Padre Baegert, who lived from 1751 to 1767 in the southern part of the peninsula, tells of great plagues of grasshoppers, which swept from the south toward the north, obscuring the sun by their numbers and making a noise like a strong wind. He says they devoured all green things as they passed over the country.

## Many Parts Capable of Rich Development.

Although the foregoing account of conditions prevailing in Lower California appears to indicate a hopeless desert, yet almost without exception where agriculture has been tried intelligently, with a sufficient water supply developed for irrigation, the soil has responded bountifully. The possibilities of agriculture were proved centuries ago by the missionaries located in valleys, where water from large springs enabled them to grow wheat and many other crops. At present peas, beans, corn, cotton, tobacco, sugarcane, grapes, bananas, figs, oranges, lemons, limes, pomegranates, dates, olives, and other fruits and vegetables are grown.

The hot, dry climate and other conditions of the middle and southern parts of the peninsula lend themselves especially to the cultivation of the choicest varieties of the date palms and to numerous tropical fruits.

The largest and most important single area of agricultural development will no doubt be about the delta of the Colorado. The storage of surface water and development of the underground supply should render considerable areas productive on the plains of San Quintin and Magdalena. Wherever land is now irrigated in the older settlements, proper control of the available water would greatly enlarge the productive area. The greatest drawbacks at present to both mining and agricultural development of the peninsula are the unenterprising character of the native population and lack of transportation facilities.

## "THE NEW CHINESE CURRENCY."

The dollar advocates have won the decision of the throne at last. Not only are all the progressive classes throughout the empire delighted with this action of the government, but foreign authorities as well agree that China has taken a formal step. By the adoption of the dollar China will have the relative value between the unit and the copper currency fixed at the most convenient rate of 1 to 1000, instead of such a cumbersome arrangement as something like 1482 cash as the equivalent of the tael.

The currency, as mentioned, is based upon the decimal system. The principal subsidiary coins are the chiao, the fen, and the cash, representing one-tenth, one-hundredth, and one-thousandth part of the yuan in value, respectively. For convenience other coins have also been introduced. These are the 50-cent and 25-cent pieces in silver, the 5-cent coin in nickel, and the 2-cent and 5-cash coins in copper.

In order to maintain the ratio between the unit and the subsidiary coins, which China has never succeeded in doing in the past, the government adopted the first of the two methods mentioned by H. White in his book on money and banking—namely, to restrict the supply of the small coins. As stated in the memorial of the Board of Finance:

"Since the purpose of coining the subsidiary coins is for making changes and small purchases and is not intended for general use, the supply of such coins must not be too large. Unless strict rules are adopted and enforced governing the coinage of such coins, we fear there is no other way of maintaining the decimal system."

The government is likely to have much trouble in carrying out this provision. One of the foremost causes of the recent confusion of the Chinese currency has been the unregulated coinage of copper coins. Unless the central government succeeds in taking away from the provinces the privilege of minting and conducts the coinage itself strictly in accordance with well-planned regulations, or proves able to enforce such regulations upon the provinces, both of which are hard to do, all its efforts for the reform will prove a failure. The government seems to have recognized this difficulty and appears earnest in its determination to overcome it. If the government succeeds in maintaining the decimal system, it will confer a great benefit upon the country. When the enormous population of China is taken into consideration, the economy resulting from a uniform decimal system in accounting alone must be considerable, to say nothing of the impetus to commerce.—[Ching-Chun Wang, in North American Review.]

## AN OPTION ON GLADYS.

Gladys Helen Montague, her transparent red-gold hair glittering in the sunlight, sat at a mahogany desk writing her answer to Reginald Fitzmaurice's proposal. Gladys's calligraphy was of the style which makes three characters perform the duty of twenty-six. In reply came:

"My Dearest Girl: Your answer has made me the happiest man in the world. How did I dare to hope that you would stoop to bless such as I? I pray that I may be worthy of you, my darling. I long to press you to my heart.—Thine, Reginald."

"My Dear Miss Montague: On Wednesday I start on a tour round the world. If at any time you should change your mind a word from you will bring me to your side. My letters will be forwarded from my club.—Faithfully yours, Reginald Fitzmaurice."

"Dear Gladys: After a sleepless night spent in the vain endeavor to decipher your note, I have written these two answers. Will you kindly return immediately the one which does not fit? I cannot stand this strain.—Your anxious Reginald."—[Tit-Bits.]

## CITY NEIGHBORS.

I hear their voices through the floor and wall,  
I hear their footsteps passing overhead.  
I brush against them in the common hall,  
But never knew the child downstairs was dead  
(Such strangers are my neighbors)—till I saw  
As I passed by—white ribbons on the door.

—[Maud Gage, in Success.]







a different parts of the State excellently adapted to the various crops which are proving profitable, and yet all in the truck crop sandy and medium loam of worked and rich; alluvial soils of origin, holding moisture well; peat and sediment some, especially dykes, as in Holland, most particularly adapted to the greatparagus which are made of such weight the truck farmer, each one of the plants which he chooses for them, in connection with the help him to accomplish greater results possible elsewhere. There are treatment and efforts in these

has in different parts of the State  
of land excellently adapted to the pro-  
cessing vegetables which are proving profit-  
able. The soils are various, and yet all in the truck-  
ing range; the deep sandy and medium loam of  
the coast, easily worked and rich; alluvial soils  
of recent origin, holding moisture well  
and good food; peat and sediment mounds, re-  
mains of dykes, as in Holland, knotted  
and particularly adapted to the great  
crops and asparagus which are made of such  
land. The truck farmer, each ac-  
cording to the demands of the plants which he chooses  
to grow, and they, in connection with the  
climate, enable him to accomplish greater  
results than are usually possible elsewhere. There are  
many investments and efforts in these

of thousands of carloads of celery for  
beans for Boston and New Orleans,  
St. Louis, potatoes for Texas and all these  
for distribution from Denver and Chi-  
cago constitute the only opportunity in vege-  
table growing in California. The output of canned as-  
paragus, beans and tomatoes is large, and canners  
are on the outlook to contract for their supplies.  
However, there still remains market for  
many California cities and towns and  
for tourists. The work is often very sat-  
isfying and profitable. The local supply of fresh vege-  
tables in many towns and villages are largely  
from rail shipments from distant cities. The  
consumption of vegetables is less than  
in some and less than it would be if local growers  
supplied their superior products prominently to the  
eyes of consumers. Formerly it was held that the  
Mediterranean people were growing  
and others of other nationalities could not  
do them, but it has since been demonstrated  
that those and others of higher intelligence can  
do them as well because they make better use of  
the soil and water, and also understand better the  
art of getting the best seed of the best varieties.  
In these matters, better vegetables are  
grown and growers soon learn to discriminate in their  
fruit planters have supported themselves  
with vegetables and small fruits while their fruit  
growing, and some have found that vege-  
table growing is better than fruits, as in the case of one  
grower, who secured more money from his Cal-  
ifornia lemons. Of course, vegetable grow-  
ing is profitable unless one underestimates  
the market and is willing to do the work which it  
demands, with good land, with irrigation water to  
be used when needed, and with enterprise in growing  
and in letting people know it, a good living  
can be made in many places which at present have no  
supply of garden products.—[Wickson's  
Vegetables.

an interview I have found a state of inde-  
pendent enterprise  
available only  
a few days  
the fair

...an demonstrate this fact to his own  
...a digging time let him lay off a portion  
...remaining 100 hills. In order to show this,  
...must have come from only one piece of seed.  
...the dug and the tubers of each hill are  
...selves on top of the hill. The products of  
...are now ready to be studied. At first  
...this hill may appear to run very uniformly. A  
...size will reveal the fact that about the  
...that is uniform is that they are all potatoes.  
...has one large one, two medium-sized ones  
...three small ones. The next hill has one  
...one and several small ones. Perhaps the  
...three or four good-sized ones. Another hill  
...tuber, but of good size. Perhaps another  
...nothing but little runts. Thus it goes through  
...In our 100 hills that we have dug, close

ready at hand. I have never seen the presence of ten strains  
but instead of the one that we thought  
as a habit. It is going to persist for  
the hill that bore the little runts had  
every time we plant seed of that strain we  
are a certainty that we will harvest little po-  
tatoes.

Mr. Williams claims that the hill to select for seed is  
which produced three or four good-sized tubers,  
which will reproduce their kind and go on  
the principle that like produces like. While  
these small tubers will not produce true the  
fact that a great majority of them will do so  
taken from the hills which produce runts  
is small. The advice therefore is to dig a  
hill in the field by hand, leaving each hill  
to go over and pick out the hills which  
have them, all of good size. These tubers are  
to be kept separate, and next spring are  
to be planted, their crop being in turn selected

in the same way and used for seed. Or, the hills could be kept separated and each one planted by itself and selected again. In this way a farmer could in a few years, obtain "pedigreed" seed which would be far superior to the general run. When you throw all the potatoes together and then select fair-sized ones out of the entire pile, it stands to reason that you are likely to get the product of a hill which gave one fair-sized tuber and a lot of little ones. Seed from that hill will be most likely to do the same thing, and that is just what you want to avoid. We must remember that the tuber is part of the plant and will reproduce the character of that plant and its tendency to produce large or small potatoes.—(Rural New-Yorker.

**B**ERMUDA GRASS, which is named after the Atlantic islands of that name, is now widely disseminated, especially throughout semi-arid, sub-tropical regions where winter frosts are not sufficiently severe to kill its roots and stolons. This plant is perennial and spreads by means of its long and many-jointed rootstocks or stolons, by its aerial runners, and its seed. The small, light seeds, easily transported by winds and flowing water; in admixture with hay, merchandise, or other seeds; or in the manure of animals, soon inevitably find their way into any region where this grass will grow. In humid climates, such as that of the Southern States, the seed produced is not fertile; but in arid climates, as that of Australia or our own Southwest, the seed is fertile and is the chief means by which the grass is spread.

Bermuda grass is remarkably hardy to southwestern conditions of climate and soil. It thrives during the hottest part of the year, growing fastest during the usually more humid weather of August. When once established it will live for weeks and months without water, and is one of the most resistant plants to soluble salts in the soil known. It will live under water for a long time; some well-known patches of Bermuda grass near Mecca, Cal., though submerged in Salton Sea for over two years, were still alive and making new growth from the roots when that body of water finally evaporated to a lower level. It will also come up through a heavy coating of mud under which it may be buried during irrigation. But Bermuda grass does not thrive in densely-shaded places; nor will it endure exposure of its roots and stolons either to frosts or to the direct heat of the summer sun.

Bermuda grass makes good pasture for horses, cows, and sheep, but gives only a scanty yield of inferior hay. It makes a durable lawn of somewhat harsh texture, and when once established will withstand neglect and hard usage. In some situations it is used to hold banks of ponds and rivers against the action of water, the levees of the lower Mississippi being to some extent thus protected.

Bermuda grass is chiefly known, however, as one of the worst weeds of our semi-arid, subtropical Southwest. It is very aggressive, and if not kept under control will compete successfully with most irrigated crops. It is probably at its worst along the lower Colorado River, where the long, hot season, slightly more humid climate, and rich irrigated soil greatly favor its growth. It is less aggressive in Salt River Valley; and in Graham county, at 3900 feet altitude, with colder winters and shorter summer seasons, is comparatively easily controlled.—[Arizona Experiment Station.]

**HORTICULTURAL COMMISSIONER BEERS** of Santa Barbara county has reports from some sections of his district that much damage was done this season to lima beans and other seed crops because of ravages of a very small centipede, *Scolopendrella californica*. Upon investigation Mr. Beers has found that the asparagus fields on Bouldin Island near Sacramento, were the scene of its first appearance, or at least the first report of its appearance in the State. Regarding this pest, it is said that it belongs to "an ancestral group and represents the parent of both centipedes and insects."

Dr. Chittenden of Washington, D. C., Department of Agriculture, says: "These creatures will bear close watching. I have always been of the opinion that they are absolutely harmless."—[California Cultivator.

**M**IDDAY watering when the sun shines on the foliage, will burn the foliage of many of our common house plants. Shading during excessive heat will strengthen plants and help them retain moisture.

Temperature both of the air and of the water should be considered. An overheated and humid atmosphere will cause straggly, spindly growth very susceptible to attacks of disease. The temperature of the water used has been found to have a marked effect on plants. Best results are obtained when the water is about the same temperature as the room in which the plants are growing.

Although the watering should not be carried on so that a constantly wet soil results, watering should, however, always be thorough. Any receptacle in which plants are growing should have holes in the bottom for drainage.—[American Cultivator.

Nearly all the buggy robes sold as wild animal fur are nothing more than Angora goatskins dyed. A good many of the so-called real monkey-skin muffs and coats worn by women are only straight-haired goatskins dyed black.

The buffalo, which long supplied buggy and carriage robes, has been exterminated, and nearly all other kinds of fur are rare and expensive. The demand for this class of product has always been enormous. There is no domestic animal that can supply this demand better now than the Angora goat. When the hair is of one month's growth it can hardly be distinguished, if dyed black, from the Astrachan. If taken at an earlier period it can be made to represent the polar or the black bear, according to the dye used.

One of the most profitable uses to which the Angora goatskin can be put is in the making of lace trimmings, which command a price a yard equivalent to \$15 for a single hide.

Another use is in making floor rugs and arm chairs. The market value of the loose goatskins in the raw state is about \$2 apiece for well-haired skins, the principal competition being that of the imported Chinese skins, which are used for the cheaper grades of robes and rugs because of their coarseness.

Angora goats are now to be found chiefly in Texas and Montana, although several of the Pacific Coast States raise a great many. The flocks in those regions are a cross of the imported Angora and the common Mexican goat. It was not until the fourth and fifth crosses that all the characteristics of the common goat disappeared and the pure white good shearing goat with long silky mohair resulted. Their fleece, the mohair of commerce, as a textile fabric ranks next to silk.

A tremendous increase in the number of Angoras has occurred in the last few years. The chief reason is that the price of mohair has risen very high. The goats are clipped twice each year, in February and October. They yield three or four pounds of mohair in a year, although some of them go as high as eight or ten pounds. The other week there was sold at one market point in the great range country of Southwestern Texas 130,000 pounds of mohair that brought 36 cents a pound.—[New York Sun.

It was not thought best to have men on outpost in the woods on our front, as in case of a sudden attack they would mask the fire of the regiment, or possibly be sacrificed before they could retire to its line. So far as firing was concerned, we had a quiet day of it, but night-fall brought trouble. The regimental staff officers with myself and a few orderlies had just spread out our blankets and were preparing to lie down, when a lively rattle of fire opened up in the direction of the enemy's line, and bullets began striking about us and whistling overhead. I was of the opinion that it was a mere spurt and would die down, but nevertheless rose and walked over to the trench, where I was joined by Maj. Metcalf. The firing increased in volume, and apparently was not coming from the enemy's trenches, which were 800 yards on our front, but rather from a point about halfway to them. None of our men were asleep yet, and some of them began to reply without orders.

There was some delay in finding a trumpeter to blow "Cease firing," and in the meantime one of our men was hit, and gave a shriek that was heard almost the length of the regiment. In an instant the men were beyond control. As the firing on our front increased they thought a charge was coming, and, kneeling behind the low shelter, worked their old Springfield for all they were worth. It was a form of panic, but not half so bad as bolting to the rear. The men were in as close a line as they could be and work their rifles, and they crammed cartridges into them and fired as rapidly as possible. The roar was deafening, while the rapid spurts of flame along the whole line made in the darkness a show of fireworks that was not to be despised. The dense blanket of smoke, added to the gloom, made it impossible to see anything. We soon had every trumpeter in the regiment blowing "Cease firing," but in some cases blows and kicks had to be resorted to in order to bring the men to their senses.—[Brig.-Gen. Frederick Funston, in Scribner.

Mistress: Are you sure you'll stay with us, Bridget?  
Cook (on her hundredth job:): Faith an' I will. Don't  
yes suppose I know an aisy mark whin I see wan?—  
[Harper's Bazar.

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work of celebrating  
ground for  
that mine. Mining ventures made Steele  
wealthy and he invested heavily in

work to its full capacity.

"He said, 'You misunderstand

theatrical work

Miss S.  
atrical  
County  
than she  
came sick  
out of a  
to help her m







## Care of the Body.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124.

to write or to preach, to form some small societies.

Of this had substituted "Southern California" he would have been still more correct. Perhaps it is because our climate is far more electrical than that of the Atlantic.

Dr. Wiley.

of rotten food, preserved with antiseptics, but to have got the scalp of Dr. Harvey Wiley of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture. A dispatch from Washington the Times announced that Dr. Wiley had resigned. This action, it is stated, followed an investigation of the methods employed by Dr. Wiley to employ chemists in the work of the bureau in the past days ago it was reported that Dr. Wiley had employed an expert chemist to work in the bureau, in the case of a technical dispute between the chemists and the department.

of rotten foods have been after Dr. Wiley. He has stood up like the rock of the interest of the people against the use of preservatives, which only need to be used with which they are mixed is unfit for

much to be regretted. It looks as if Dr. Wiley had been misled by the misrepresentation and unscrupulous manufacturers. Just as Dr. Wiley was misled when he appointed Dr. Wiley to go over the head of Dr. Wiley and re-

long lane that has no turning. If the only way up and display a little intelligence in matters that so vitally affect their health, they should soon have a change. Meantime is a sample of what we might expect should be published in The Times, throws new light on the dispatch it is stated:

Dr. Wiley has forwarded all the papers in the case, and will take no action until he receives a statement from him. It is known that Dr. Wiley has the highest regard for the president and for his administration of the Bureau of Agriculture.

President Taft, before acting on the matter, will grant a hearing to all involved, and will only by his own judgment.

Committee of the Committee of One Hundred of the National Health of the American Association of Science today sent the following to President Taft: "The services of Dr. Wiley are of such great value that we hope no action will be taken against them. We urge that a technicality ought not to be used as a reason for removing such honorable public servants."

who was employed by Dr. Wiley, states that originally offered his services for nothing, but that such an arrangement was not made. He was then asked that he be paid what was worth, and that the salary arrangement of the Department of Agriculture was then entered

in the Echo Park lake is dark green, foul-smelling. Whether the water in the other lakes is like this the editor cannot say, because he has not visited them. Such water as this is not fit to drink, but is a menace to health. It is to create malaria in those who are lacking in vitality. Until the Owens River supply arrives, the water to burn. It would be better to burn the lakes and seed the beds to alfalfa, or to burn the lakes and seed the beds to alfalfa, or to burn the lakes and seed the beds to alfalfa.

"Science."

the recent meeting of the A.M.A. in Los Angeles was a display of medical drugs and apparatus in the Hamburger building. Unlike other displays for the edification of laymen—and to propagate the belief in the necessity for a high standard of health—this display was intended for the benefit of the doctors only. A layman who happened to drop in to see a doctor, saw an old gentleman sitting in a chair, grinding out little pellets. They were pills. "You know," said the old gentleman to the doctor, "it is often advisable to change the medicine, without changing its contents."

to a belief that prevails among some people, that the present move against abortionists in the State medical authorities is intended to get out the small fry and make the picking over the "big fellows," Hubert T. Morrow, Esq., of the State of California, who has charge of the prosecution, assured the editor of the Care of the Body that such is not the case. He writes to the editor of the Care of the Body that the investigation originated with me, has been entirely under my supervision, and

have hit anywhere and everywhere I was able to strike. Before I accepted the work, I asked if I would be given a free hand and told those of the board whom I met that I would not take up the work unless I could go after every guilty person, whatever his position or affiliation. I was told to do my worst, and have been doing it ever since to the best of my ability."

The editor of the Care of the Body congratulates Mr. Morrow on his praiseworthy intentions, and sincerely trusts that he may not, like some ardent reformers, become discouraged when he bumps up against some of the "high places" and meets with discouragement.

Readers of the Care of the Body who know of any practitioners in Los Angeles or hereabouts who make a specialty of prenatal murder may aid the cause of justice by communicating with Mr. Morrow, whose address is 570 I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles.

## The "Doctorin' Business."

FOLLOWING communication has been received from N. W. Philbrook, D.C. (chiropractor,) of Los Angeles:

"With the knowledge and consent of the 'Church Federation of Los Angeles' the following announcement was made on Sunday, June 25. 'The American Medical Association will supply the pulpits of our city today.'

"The pulpit of the church which the writer attended was consequently 'supplied.' What he heard was a covert condemnation of every method of healing not in line with the practice of said association, and a plea that they be given a free hand in dictating what laws shall be passed in order to exclude from practice all who do not affiliate with them.

"The claims were made that the motive behind this was entirely altruistic—an unselfish regard for the public good—that the doctors were in business mainly because they loved their profession and the dear public; that no other system of healing had any right whatever to exist, but was rather an indication of a disordered brain in those who presumed to practice or employ such practitioners; that the opposition, which is so greatly in evidence and rapidly increasing, opposing more medical laws, is the result of an unaccountable desire to block the benign plans of the doctors for the public good; that the 'National League for Medical Freedom' is a body of mercenary sharpers who are fattening on the contributions of a gullible public. These are a few of the points presented to the congregation by the allopathic doctor from a pulpit which is supposed to stand for Truth and Right and Equity.

"How does this coincide with the facts in the case? First, there is not a particle of evidence to prove that the profession of medicine is different from any other business, trade or profession in the character of the men who enter it. They are animated by exactly the same desire for business success, they are as willing to take advantage of every means within their powers to stifle competition and ruin competitors as any trust or combination in any other line of business. They are up against their peculiar temptations to prostitute their profession for the Almighty Dollar like the lawyer or the merchant or the politician. As many in proportion are honest, unselfish and altruistic as are found among carpenters, blacksmiths or farmers. The idea, descended from the dark ages, that the doctor is different from the average citizen, a sort of supernatural personage with celestial attributes, is the veriest boosh. No doubt the profession is honored by many who are of the highest type of manhood, but for a man to be connected actively with an association with the aims and purposes of the American Medical Association argues ill for his disinterested love for his neighbor. No business puts a greater strain on a man to keep himself human, for familiarity with sickness, suffering and death in a commercial way has a tendency to brutalize a man, unless he has a well-balanced head and heart.

"For centuries the practice of medicine had so little of real knowledge upon which to work that it has always been mixed up with mysteries, superstitions and humbugs, and even to this day it is not able to appeal to the world upon its merits on a fair business basis, but is obliged to coerce and buy legislation to crush competition by the terrors of the law. Some of its wisest men, in moments of unprofessional frankness, have declared that the whole pharmacopoeia is next to worthless in the cure or prevention of disease. Even Prof. C. A. F. declared: 'He is the best doctor who knows the worthlessness of most medicines.' Consequently, there must be, as of old, a certain amount of pretension mixed with the practice, in order to excuse its failures, and the proportion is at least three or four of the former to one of the latter.

"The public has had the doctors and their work under surveillance for some years, and it has resulted in a rapidly-increasing number coming to disbelieve in the divine right of the allopath to dictate regarding the treatment a man shall have when he is sick and to make laws to enforce his opinions. This awakening has come late, because already the American Medical Association has succeeded in having by legislation the ban of outlawry placed upon most other systems of healing in nearly every State in the United States. In several States, however, osteopathy and one or two others have forced themselves into recognition, after a bitter fight.

"This attitude of the public is not an unreasoning prejudice against its would-be benefactors. On every hand the country is full of human derelicts who have been wrecked by allopathic inefficiency and surgical cupidity. It is this great army of incurables who have stimulated independent investigation, and this has resulted in the discovery of safer methods of treatment, that have had most wonderful success in curing these medical 'incurables.' Because of this the number of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 126.)

## CARE OF THE EYES

BY DR. M. M. RING.



A Change for the Better

## KRYPTOK LENSES

Combine Near and Far View in One Solid Lens.

Discard your old style pasted lenses. They suggest old age. Dirt gathers at the edges. Wear Kryptok Lenses, which present the neat appearance of single-vision glasses, yet have two distinct focal points.



Note the ugly seams. They are unsightly. They indicate old age. Pasted lenses detract from one's appearance.

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My certificate of registration with the Los Angeles Board of Health.

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## Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125.)

those who are objecting to further medical interference is increasing by leaps and bounds.

"The utter absurdity of this whole business is seen when one investigates, honestly, the work of the so-called drugless schools—naturopathy, osteopathy, chiropractic, mechano, electro-therapy, et cetera. These have a clientele containing large numbers of those who have been drugged into 'hopeless invalidism' and have drifted into the hands of the drugless doctors. Even of these the proportion who recover is as large as that in the general practice of the average allopath.

"A case in point came under the personal observation of the writer in which out of fifty people who had been treated with drugs by 'regulars' until they were considered incurable, forty-three were restored to health. These included cases of atrophy of the liver, hemiplegia, aneurism of the aorta, spinal curvature, chronic headaches, inflammation of the vertebrae, chronic rheumatism, and infantile paralysis. Each of these had exhausted the 'doctor's' skill, but yielded readily to the methods of the drugless 'faker'.

"Notwithstanding the diatribe from the sacred desk the position of the American Medical Association may fairly be stated as follows: A public sentiment, rapidly becoming an overwhelming one, is bringing allopathy to the bar for judgment and for its record of 'chaos and crime' will shortly decree that it abandon its project of coercing the American people by medical laws to patronize its wares. It will demand that each system of treatment stand on its merits alone and that government protection of one branch of a business shall cease forever—that each system be equal before the law and responsible to it for its work."

### Circulation of the Blood.

FOLLOWING was published in the Care of the Body on June 25:

"Dr. Samuel James Meltzer, a Jewish-American physician who came to this country from Russia in 1883, announced in the May number of the Journal of Experimental Medicine a discovery which it is claimed revolutionizes the conception of the theory of circulation. He claims to have discovered that a separate mode of distribution of fluids has been found throughout the entire body, especially through its peripheral parts; in other words, that fluids can be distributed through the body independently of the heart.

"There is nothing particularly new about this. Four years ago, in his book, 'As It Is,' Dr. M. J. Rodermund wrote:

"The oxygen from the air is the instrumental element that causes the blood to circulate in the body. The heart is only a regulator, distributor and agitator of the blood, not a pump to circulate the blood, as now believed. To pump the blood around the body is a physical impossibility. The blood is a living, self-acting fluid. This can be proved under the microscope. The blood may be called a dynamic and static current. In other words, the above conditions give rise to the dynamic and static phenomena of the circulation."

Referring to this article, W. T. Nichols, M.D., of Los Angeles, writes as follows:

"That discovery was made in or about 1845 by Dr. John Bovee Dodds, an 'irregular practitioner' whose cures and lectures at that time made him sufficiently famous to receive an invitation from several United States Senators, among them Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, to deliver a series of lectures in the House of Representatives at Washington, D.C., which he did in the year 1863. The lectures were published in book form and called 'Electrical Psychology.' Dr. Dodds claimed to be the discoverer of psychology as differing from the old-time Mesmerism, and psychology has since been recognized by the medical profession under the newer name of 'hypnotism.' Dr. Dodds performed many wonderful cures by the influence of that power.

"In these lectures he claimed most positively that the blood was made to circulate by electricity acting on and through the nerves that attended the arterial system, and that the heart was simply the regulator. A book containing these lectures is in Los Angeles, containing,

also, a copy of the letter of invitation by the Senators mentioned, to Dr. Dodds."

Following are extracts from Dr. Dodds' lecture:

"Electricity as a universal agent pervades the entire atmosphere, oxygen is that element which sustains flames and universal life. The oxygen and electricity having a strong affinity for moisture instantly rush to the blood, which being oxygenized and electrified assumes a bright cherry-red appearance and by this energizing process has been purified and prepared for circulation.

"The lungs and the blood they contain are both rendered electrically positive. Two positives resist each other and fly apart. Hence the lungs resist the blood and force it into the ventricle of the heart. It is by this positive electric action propelled through every possible ramification of the arterial system till all its minute capillaries are changed. Along all the arteries and their thousands of branches are laid nerves of involuntary motion—but no nerves attend the veins. Why? I answer they are laid along the arteries to receive the electric change from the positive blood, but as the venous blood is negative it has no electricity to throw off.

"The heart does not circulate the blood, but is the supreme regulator of this constantly ebbing and flowing ocean of crimson life. The heart is moved by the involuntary force of the cerebellum."

As Solomon said: "There is nothing new under the sun." Perhaps, if we should investigate, we might find that this belief was prevalent among some of the ancient Greeks, more than 2000 years ago. Yet, how long will it be before our modern text-books of medical "science" change from the old-fashioned statements in regard to the heart and the circulation? Not probably until some eminent and exceedingly "ethical" medical "authority" places the sign of approval on the "discovery."

Almost every discovery of real value to the care of the body has been made by a despised 'layman' or an 'irregular.'

### Dangers of the "Dip."

NOW comes the time when people begin to go down to the beach and disport themselves in the "bad sea waves." Some care is necessary to be exercised by bathers, even on the shores of the placid Pacific.

In the first place, don't overdo the thing. Most people stay in the water altogether too long. Also, many go in who should not do so, because they have not sufficient blood reaction. Never go into the water unless you feel altogether inclined to do so, and feel warm and comfortable after you come out. Ten minutes is quite long enough to stay in, unless you are swimming, when you can remain somewhat longer.

Beware of deceptive currents and tide rips. Many lives are sacrificed every year at some of our beach resorts from this cause. At one of our leading resorts a season never passes without recording half a dozen or more deaths by drowning among the bathers. To this may be added the danger of cramp. The good swimmer is sometimes in more danger than the poor one, because the former is apt to be over-confident. Most of our beaches are, however, exceptionally safe.

Along the shore of Los Angeles county, where the beach is sandy, lurks the stingray. His sting is exceedingly painful. Sometimes so much so as to cause convulsions. Always agitate the water before you go in, if it is not at a point where there are other bathers.

Over in the waters of Catalina Island may be found the moray or sea eel, a hideous-looking monster, samples of which may be seen in the aquarium at Avalon. You want to be careful when fishing from a boat in unhooking one of these fellows from your line, or he may bite a piece of your finger off.

Again, there is the abalone. Now, you would not think the abalone is a dangerous kind of a beast, would you? He is, however, all the same. Not long ago, at White's Point, near San Pedro, a man was trying to pull an abalone from a rock, when it closed down on his finger, so that he could not get away. The rising waves were up to his knees before he was rescued by a Japanese fisherman. In Santa Cruz county, years ago, they found on the rocks an abalone with the skeleton of a child's foot, and the remains of the shoe, imbedded in it, telling of some bygone tragedy.

You must not think from the above that the coast of Southern California is a dangerous one for bathers. Far from it. Indeed, there are few coasts that present less danger. Even here, however, it is well to exercise some care.

And while on this subject a word as to the deadly gasoline launch. That is really one of the dangers of the beach. Almost every day you read of people wallowing around all night in a "perfectly safe" gasoline launch, that has broken down. One would think that even an inland tenderfoot would know enough to carry some sort of a sail when going out in one of these unreliable "contraptions."

A recent innovation at one of our beaches—Santa Monica—is the introduction of "bathing machines," so familiar on the sands of England, and some beach resorts on the continent of Europe. About a dozen years ago half a dozen of these machines were introduced at Long Beach, but they did not become popular.

One more word while on this subject. You should not only exercise caution in spending time in the water, but also in exposing yourself to the sun. This applies especially to those of a blond complexion, and still more especially to blond children, with sensitive skin and thin skulls. By heeding these few simple suggestions you are not so likely to have to call in the services of a

## Nervous Diseases

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Diseases of the Nervous System require the most delicate of medical skill for successful treatment. Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Hysteria, Spinal Prostration and other conditions, lesions of the nerves, brain or spinal cord, are very obstinate and often regarded as incurable. The majority of such cases are treated by the old methods, yet they yield readily to our new method. The first thing in the treatment of these diseases is to locate the cause of the disease, which is often obscure. Science enables us to accomplish this. We extend a cordial invitation to every man and woman to visit our Institute and talk with us about our method, and to let us demonstrate the same to you. Consultation, Examination and Advice Free and without charge. Call or write. Hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Monday, Tuesday to 12 noon.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 127.)



# Care of the Body.

FROM PAGE 126.

Your pocketbook has been depleted by the cost of the medicine. . . .

McCAUGHY is a little bundle of femininity. She has made a study of practical nursing, and the treatment of the sick, and could point to some of our eminent physicians. She lived for a time in Orange County with her family living on a farm in California.

A copy of a letter recently addressed by her to a young woman who was about to be married. It contains much valuable, practical advice for young prospective mothers:

"Do not go far matters have progressed. You are getting—hope at least—that during pregnancy you have worn loose clothing. . . . that you will have exercised freely. . . . that your diet has been largely fruit, with meat, cake and candies indulged in. . . . that you have practiced perfect rest. . . . a daily sweat—either at work or in the bath. . . . If your bowels do not evacuate freely, you must use an injection. . . . at the time of parturition begin, no matter what the weather, to give your bowels a thorough cleansing. . . . the birth is rendered distressing by undue pressure on the colon. . . . Next, sit in the bath or in the water, until you sweat freely. . . . Wear loose gowns (preferably only a jacket). . . . the sweat, use only a blanket, then dry yourself on your jacket. . . . If relaxation is complete, be ready to lie down and expect delivery at any hour.

"If the labor causes laceration. Be sure and have the stitching done. This is one time when an intelligent surgeon are necessary. . . . delivery, keep the hot compresses on your perineum.

"I read up the Care of the Body. . . . Eat simple, with brown and white bread. . . . to say what not to eat. . . . Candy, cake, chocolate, candy—such things are apt to be a hindrance for yourself or the baby. . . . bathe thoroughly every day, in a roomy tub. . . . two gallons of water, as near hot as you can stand. . . . with a tablespoonful of salt in it. . . . Use a good soap. . . . the water profusely all over its head. . . . face, eyes, nose, mouth. . . . It will prevent smarting. . . . A little pinch of salt all dirtiness to slip out, with no harm. . . . Have a 'goose-egg' bath. . . . do not move of their own accord. . . . Give a gentle injection of warm, soapy water. . . . a daily hot, vigorous bath as I have said. . . . you may count on a three-hour sleep.

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is conscientiously devoted to the Cure of Diseases, and employs the latest and best scientific methods. . . . Swedish Exercises, Chiropathy, Osteopathy, Orthopedic (bloodless surgery), Massage and Electric Treatments, Electric and Hot Baths, Hydrotherapy, etc. . . .

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"In the above advice I am giving my own exact experience. I am a small slip of a body, shaped more like a hipless boy of 13 than a woman. I had three children, two of them weighing nine and a half pounds, the other, a girl, seven and one-half pounds. Thanks to these same methods, I had less than an hour of suffering, and no prostration. I was badly torn, but properly stitched, and never a bit the worse for it. I was told my hot bathing would harm my children. On the contrary, they have been models of perfect health, and hardness. Where other children have sickness lasting at least three weeks, mine are sick only three days.

"My children have encountered no accident nor disease of any kind that a thorough flushing of the bowels followed by a sweat has not at once relieved from all painfulness. With these means at hand, a mother may feel utterly free from anxiety. I make the following statement, certain it cannot be contradicted. No child is in danger of sudden death from convulsions, croup, diphtheria, or any other disease when its bowel contents are perfectly eliminated each day. If you will believe this, it will save you many an hour of nervous dread."

To the above excellent advice by Mrs. McCaughy this may be added in regard to "after pains."

It is generally understood by women that "after-pains" never accompany the birth of the first child, but are always present in later births. The author of the above communication says these pains need not occur at all under proper management. On this subject Dr. Tilden writes as follows in his recently published book: "It is well to know that a healthy woman will not have morning sickness; also that she will have neither painful menstruations nor painful labors.

"Child bearing is as natural as breathing, and when it takes place in a normal, healthy woman it will be devoid of suffering. Painful labors, painful menstruations and morning sickness are unnecessary and are really indications of a wrong life, which, if continued, will lead to one of the many diseases for which women are sent to the operating table."

Mrs. McCaughy dismisses the question of diet by saying: "Read up the Care of the Body." This, however, is the most important question of all in connection with pregnancy and easy delivery. A great majority of difficult and dangerous childbirths are due to the folly of medical men, who tell the woman she must eat much in order to furnish nourishment to the embryo. Now, when you consider that the average embryo and after-birth inclusive will not weigh more than about nine pounds, and that this is only equivalent to about half an ounce of food daily during nine months, the absurdity of such a claim is at once evident.

Diet during pregnancy should be light. The consumption of meat, if any, should be reduced to the smallest amount, and little cereal food—bread, mushes, etc.—should be partaken of. The diet should consist largely of fresh fruit and raw green leaves—salads of various kinds. In connection with this plenty of exercise should be taken.

## The Chicken Cure.

The raising of chickens does not result in much profit, at least it benefits the chicken raiser by inducing work in the open air, and is thus valuable to semi-invalids. Poultry raising in California is not so easy as some enthusiastic writers would have us suppose. In a climate that is good for chickens and human beings vermin of various kinds also naturally thrive, and a constant war must be waged against them. Another trouble is the absence of green stuff in the summer time, which must be supplied or eggs will fail to minimum.

"Chickens" is the title of a little book by A. T. Johnson. (Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia; price 50c.) It tells all about chickens; how to hatch, house, feed and fatten them, and cure their diseases. . . . In reading these books, published in the East, consideration must be given to the difference between climatic conditions here and there.

## What Makes Dogs Go Mad?

DOGS are liable to go mad when they are fed on rotten meat, which causes worms to breed within them; when they are deprived of water in hot weather, and when they are tormented.

It is scarcely necessary to say that human beings would also frequently go mad under similar conditions. Feed your dogs clean food, see that they are constantly supplied with cool drinking water, treat them kindly, and they will not go mad.

## Dr. Tilden's Club.

VOLUME XI of A Stuffed Club for 1910-1911, published by Dr. J. H. Tilden of Denver, has been received. Whatever hygienic magazines you may omit—of course beside the Care of the Body—be sure you do not overlook the Club. Dr. Tilden's teachings are almost entirely in accordance with those of the Care of the Body.

## The Most Dangerous Case.

"TELL me, sir, what was the most dangerous case you ever had?" a young physician asked an aged practitioner. "My medicine case," was the prompt reply.—[Washington Star.

## The Rod Cure.

FOOLISHNESS is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him. Proverbs of Solomon, xii:15.

## Elastic Hosiery and Abdominal Supporters

KNIT to Order. Fresh stock. First-class work. A perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed.



We also carry a large stock of trusses. Have had several years' experience in fitting and adjusting them. Our Prices Are Always Reasonable. Lady attendant.

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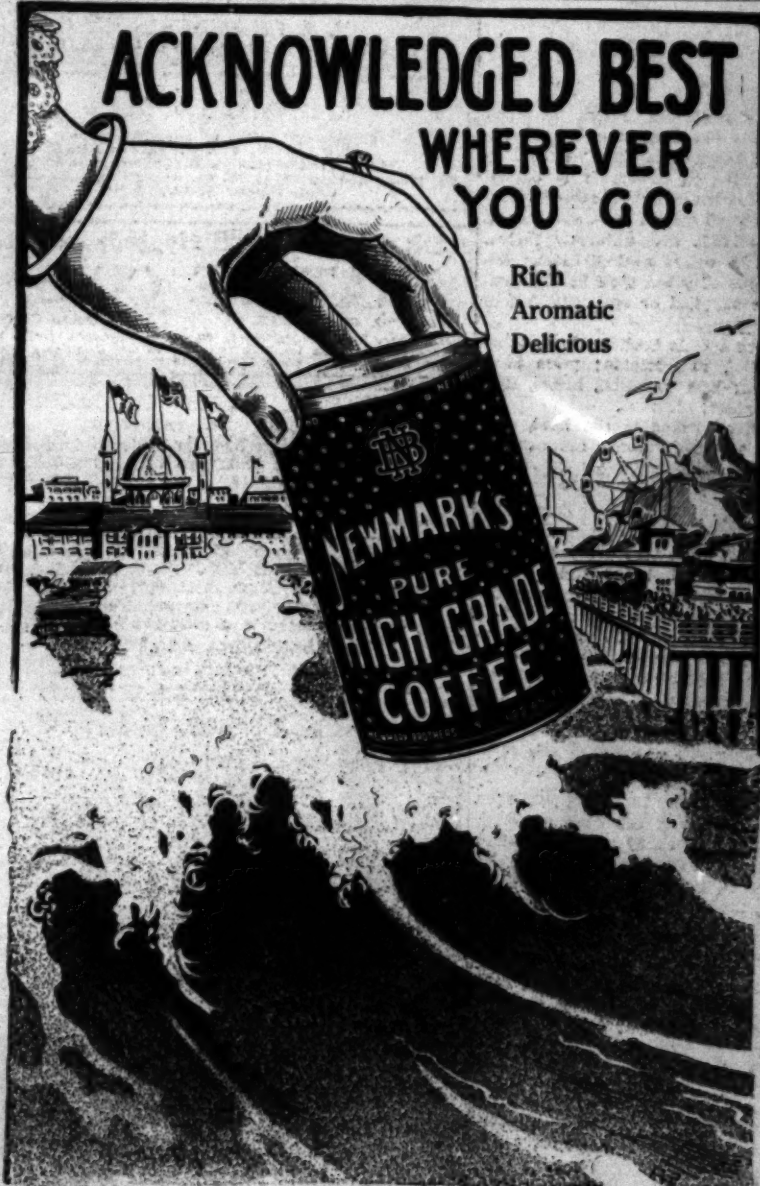
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